

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01460865 7











Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



•

THE  
ÆNEID OF VERGIL



10  
V8162  
57

# THE ÆNEID OF VERGIL

BOOKS I—VI

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

JAMES RHOADES

54 658  
26 | 7 | 02

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

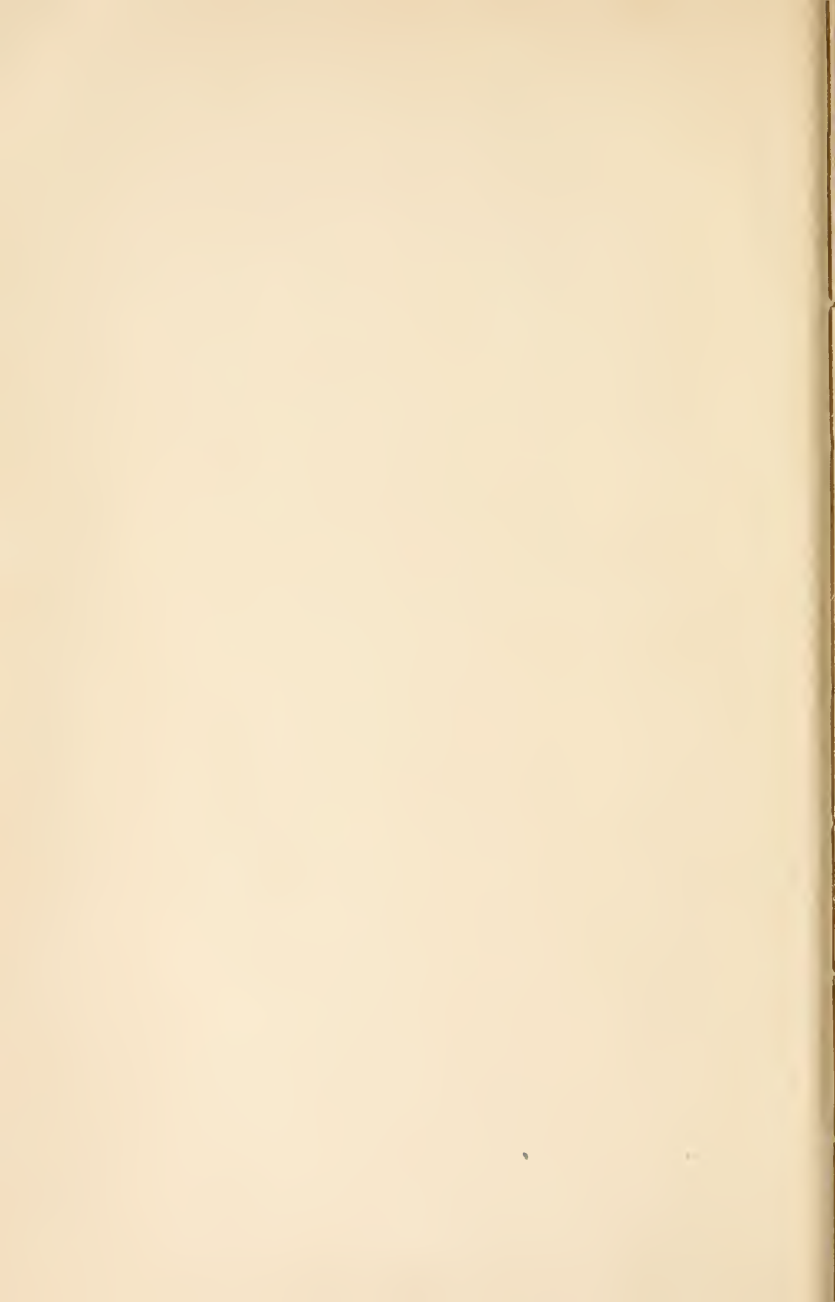
AND NEW YORK : 15 EAST 16<sup>th</sup> STREET

1893

*All rights reserved*

PA  
6807  
A5R55

TO MY WIFE





## P R E F A C E

---

TO write a verse-translation of the *Æneid*, though the labour be one of love, must in the nature of things be a somewhat thankless undertaking : for in the first place, if it is impossible to reach perfection in the rendering of any poem from one language to another, it is past impossible, when the two languages are so remotely akin as Latin and English, and when the style of the author was, even in his own tongue, unapproachable for subtle delicacy and artistic finish : and secondly, even should he attain to a high degree of excellence, the qualified approval of a few scholars, and the thanks of an infinitesimal fraction of the reading public, are likely to be the translator's sole reward.

And yet it has seemed to me that, if one could produce a version of the *Æneid* that should be in itself an English poem, and at the same time a faith-

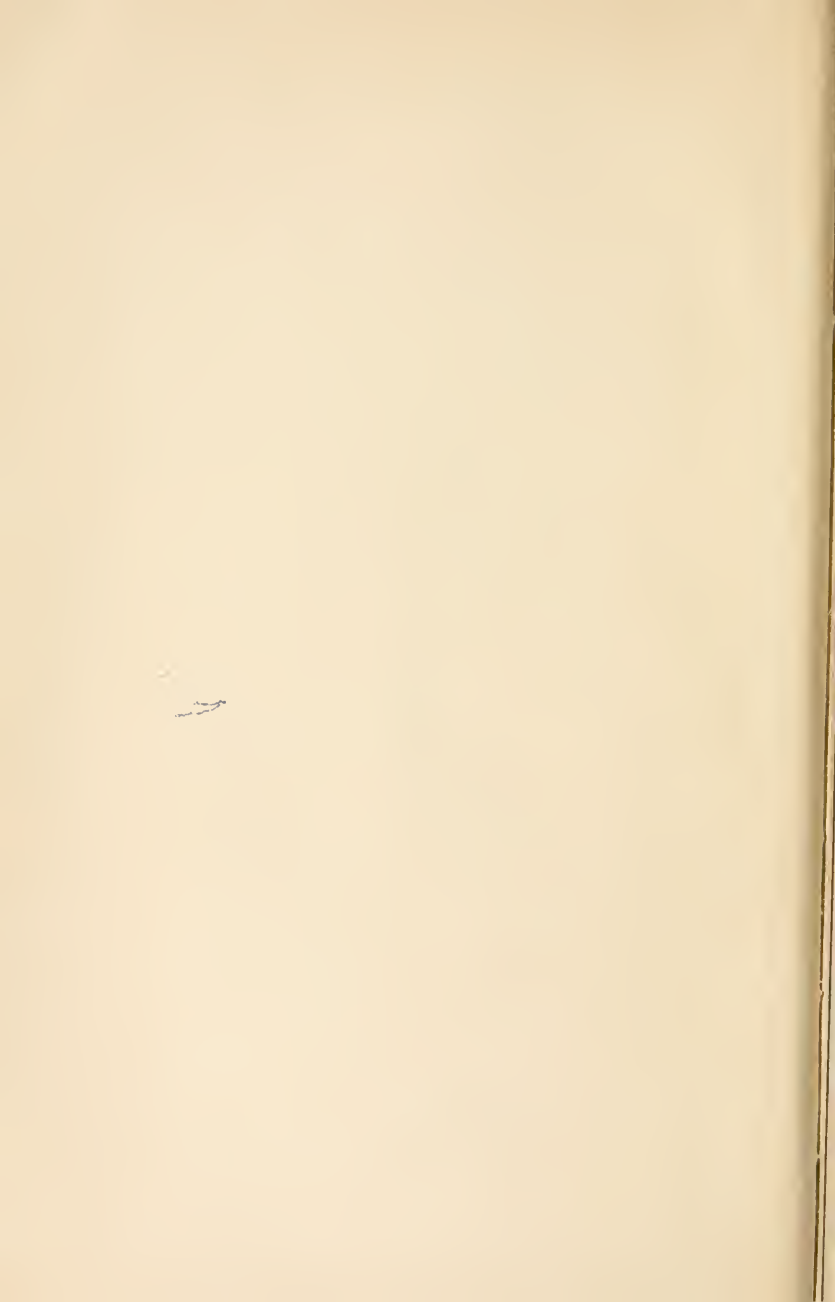
ful reflection of the original, neither adding to the text nor diminishing from it, such an achievement would be worth the time and labour required for the task. Admitting to the full the high standard that has been reached by some of my predecessors, though with the details of their work I have purposely kept myself unacquainted, I do not think that the prime virtue of a translator, namely absolute fidelity to the original—eschewing paraphrase where possible, and resisting all temptation to be brilliant on his own account—has hitherto been kept sufficiently in sight. I am far from supposing that in the present volume I have done more, myself, than honestly attempt it ; but it cannot be said to have been seriously attempted by those, however able and felicitous, who have hampered themselves at starting with the exigencies of a rhyming metre.

Notwithstanding the argument of Sir Charles Bowen in the Preface to his ‘*Virgil in English Verse*,’ I hold that lineal conformity is not a matter of the first importance, and that verbal closeness, or, at any rate, identity of meaning, is. For this reason I should in any case have chosen Blank Verse as the vehicle best adapted to my purpose : but, besides this, it is the metre of the English Epic, and therefore, in my opinion, the metre most fitted for reproducing the Epic

of another nation. Further, as a matter of personal taste, I feel that the deep seriousness, the pensive majesty, the underlying pathos of Vergil's poetry, are fundamentally incompatible with any measure more rapid than the English Iambic ; I can conceive nothing less like the Vergilian cadence than what Milton terms ' the jingling sound of like endings ' ; nor, on the other hand, do I know of anything that savours so much of Vergil as parts of the Blank Verse of Milton and of Cowper.

Such is the substance of my defence against possible assailants of the metre which I have selected, and also my apology to critics and readers for venturing to add my ' sum of more to that which ' already perhaps in their opinion ' hath too much.'

It seems almost superfluous to state that in the present work, as in my translation of the Georgics, the debt I owe to the late Professor Conington's writings is incalculable. And I would also here express my sense of obligation to Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, from whom, in the way of warm encouragement and friendly criticism, I have received more help than any book could give.



# THE ÆNEID



## BOOK I

### *ÆNEID I*

I-11

Of arms I sing, and of the man who first  
From Trojan shores beneath the ban of fate  
To Italy and coasts Lavinian came,  
Much tossed about on land and ocean he  
By violence of the gods above, to sate  
Relentless Juno's ever-rankling ire,  
In war, too, much enduring, till what time  
A city he might found him, and bear safe  
His gods to Latium, whence the Latin race,  
And Alba's sires, and lofty-towering Rome.

Say, Muse, what outrage to her power the cause,  
Or angered why, the Queen of Heaven constrained  
A man, so marked for goodness, still to ply  
The round of peril, bear the brunt of toil :  
In heavenly breasts do such fierce passions dwell ?

There was an ancient city, the abode  
 Of Tyrian settlers, Carthage, far to sea  
 Facing Italia and the Tiber-mouths,  
 Wealthy of substance, and in war's pursuit  
 None fiercer, far beyond all lands, 'tis said,  
 To Juno dearest—Samos e'en less dear.  
 Here were her arms; her chariot here ; that this  
 Should, fate consenting, a world-empire be,  
 E'en then the goddess bent her cherished aim.  
 Nathless she had heard that from the blood of Troy  
 A race was rearing, destined to o'erthrow  
 Her Tyrian towers ; that issuing hence should come  
 A people of wide empire, lords of war,  
 To ravage Libya : such the round of fate.  
 Moved by this fear, <sup>Juno</sup> Saturnia, and therewith  
 Still mindful of the former strife, which erst  
 At Troy for her dear Argos she had waged—  
 Nor were the quarrel's causes and fierce pangs  
 Yet banished from her soul ; in memory's depth  
 Lie stored the doom of Paris, and the affront  
 Of her spurned beauty, and that loathèd stock,  
 And the high prize of ravished Ganymede—  
 Fired with these thoughts beside, the Trojan few,  
 'Scaped from the Danai and Achilles fell,  
 Still must she keep upon wide ocean tossed  
 Aloof from Latium ; and for many a year  
 They roamed, fate-driven, through all the circling  
 seas : <sup>travail</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>one</sup>  
 Such ~~no~~ it cost to found the Roman race.

Scarce out of sight of the Sicilian land  
To sea-ward they were sailing cheerily,  
Tilting the salt foam with each brazen beak,  
When Juno, nursing in her bosom's depth  
The undying wound, thus with her own soul spake :  
' I to shrink foiled from my design, too weak  
To ward the Teucrians' king from Italy,  
Because the fates forbid me ! and could Pallas  
Burn up the Argive galleys, and their crews  
Drown in the deep, for one man's mad offence,  
Ajax, Oileus' son ? With her own hand  
She, hurling from the clouds Jove's nimble fire,  
Scattered their barks, with winds upheaved the sea,  
And him, from riven breast panting forth the flames,  
Upwhirled and staked upon a pointed rock :  
But I, who walk the queen of heaven, at once  
Sister and spouse of Jove, with one weak race  
These many years am warring ; and is there left  
Still who to Juno's godhead bows the knee,  
Or lays a suppliant's offering on her shrine ? '

Such thoughts revolving in her fiery breast,  
Lo ! to the storm-clouds' home, Æolia, tracts  
Teeming with furicus gales, the goddess came.  
Here in a vast cave Æolus, their king,  
The wrestling winds and roaring hurricanes  
Bends to his sway and curbs with prison-chains ;  
They, with a mighty rumbling of the hill,  
Growl chafing round their barriers ; on the height,  
Sceptic in hand, aloft sits Æolus,

And sleeks their passions and allays their ire ;  
Else would they hale sea, land, and vaulted heaven  
In their wild flight, and sweep them into space.  
But with this fear the sire omnipotent  
P'nned them in caverns dark, and o'er them piled  
The bulk of lofty mountains, and a king  
He gave them, who by settled bond should know  
To grip the reins, or slacken, at his word.

Ilim Juno then with suppliant voice addressed :

‘ Æolus, for to thee the sire of gods  
And king of men hath given to soothe the waves  
Or lift them with his wind, a race to me  
Hateful, now sailing o'er the Tuscan deep,  
bears Ilium and her conquered household gods  
To Italy : strike wrath into the winds,  
Sink and o'erwhelm their barks, or sunder far  
And broadcast fling their bodies on the deep.  
Twice seven fair nymphs of matchless mould have I,  
Of whom Deiopea, fairest-formed,  
In lasting wedlock will I knit with thee,  
And dedicate her thine, that all her years  
She for such service at thy side may spend,  
And make thee father of a race as fair.’

Then answered Æolus : ‘ Thy task, O queen,  
Is to search out thy pleasure, mine to do  
Thy bidding : of thy grace is all I own  
Of power, this sceptre, and consenting Jove ;  
Thou set'st me in the banquet-hall of heaven,  
And mak'st me ruler of the clouds and storms.’



So having said, his spear he turned and thrust  
Against the hollow mountain-side : the winds  
As in compact array, where vent is given,  
Rush forth and with tornado scour the world,  
Swoop on the sea, and from its sunken bed  
Upheave it whole in one wild onset, east,  
South, and southwester with thick-coming squalls,  
And roll huge billows to the shore. Anon  
Rises the creak of cables, cry of men :  
Clouds in a moment from the Trojans' eyes  
Snatch heaven and day ; black night broods o'er the  
deep :

Skies thunder ; the air lightens, flash on flash ;  
No sign abroad but bodes them instant death.  
Straight are Æneas' limbs with shuddering loosed ;  
He groans, and, stretching his clasped hands to  
heaven,

Thus cries aloud : ' O thrice and four times blest  
Who won to die beneath Troy's lofty towers  
Under their kinsmen's eyes ! O Tydeus' son,  
Bravest of Danaan blood ! to think that I  
On Ilium's plains was suffered not to fall,  
Nor at thy hand pour forth my spirit, where  
Fierce Hector by the son of Æacus  
Lies stricken low, where huge Sarpedon, where,  
Caught down beneath his current, Simois rolls  
Shields, helms, and bodies of the countless brave !'

Such words out-tossing, a loud blast from the north  
Strikes him full-sail, and lifts the floods to heaven :

Crash go the oars, then swerves the prow ; the waves  
Receive her broadside : on rolls, heaped and sheer,  
A watery mountain : on the wave-tops some  
Hang poised ; to some the sea deep-yawning shows  
Bare ground amid the billows, surge with sand  
Raving ; three ships the south wind's sudden clutch  
Hurls upon hidden rocks—Italian folk  
Name them the Altars rising 'mid the waves—  
A vast ridge on the sea-top : three the east  
Drives on to banks and shallows from the deep,  
A piteous sight, and breaks them on the shoals,  
And heaps the sand about them : one which bore  
The Lycians and Orontes true of heart,  
E'en as he gazes, a huge sea astern  
Strikes from above : dashed headlong from on board  
Down goes the pilot : her, e'en where she lies  
Spun whirling thrice, the eddying gulf devours.  
Scattered here there upon the weltering waste  
Swimmers are seen, and heroes' arms, and planks,  
And Trojan wealth upon the water strewn.  
Now the stout ship of Ilioneus, and now  
Of brave Achates, that which bore on board  
Abas, and that too of Aletes old,  
The storm hath quelled ; with rib-joints loosened, all  
Let in the watery foe, and gaping split.

Meanwhile that ocean was one roaring mass,  
And a storm launched, and all his water-floods  
Wrung from their lowest deeps, was Neptune ware,  
And sorely chafed he : o'er the deep he peered,

Above the billow lifting a calm brow :  
Far scattered over all the main he sees  
Æneas' fleet, he sees the Trojans whelmed  
Beneath the waters and the fallen sky,  
Nor from her brother's heart were hid the wiles  
And spite of Juno : to his side he bids  
Eurus and Zephyr, and bespeaks them thus :  
' Holds you such blind reliance on your birth?  
So! dare ye now without my fiat, winds,  
Mix earth and heaven, and mass these mountain-  
heights?

Whom I—— But best the uproared floods appease  
Not all so lightly shall ye answer me  
Your trespasses hereafter. Speed betimes!  
And say ye to your king, not his, but mine  
The empire and fell trident of the sea  
By lot assigned. He sways the savage rocks,  
Of thee, O Eurus, and thy tribe the home :  
Let Æolus hold court and vaunt him there,  
And rule close-barred the prison of the winds.'

So saying, and swifter than that word, he smoothes  
The swelling waters, routs the banded clouds,  
Brings back the sun. Cymothoe therewithal,  
And Triton lends his shoulder to thrust off  
From the sharp rock their vessels; he himself  
Upheaves them with his trident, and makes way  
Through the vast quicksands, and allays the flood,  
And skims the wave-top lightly charioted.  
And as when oft in some vast throng hath risen

A tumult, and the base herd waxeth mad,  
And brands and stones, wrath-furnished weapons, fly,  
Then, if some hero chance upon their sight,  
Of weight for worth or exploit, they are hushed  
And stand all ear to listen ; with his words  
He sways their passion, soothes their ruffled breasts ;  
So all at once the roar of ocean died,  
What time, forth peering o'er the main, the sire  
Borne on a cloudless heaven his coursers drove,  
And flying gave his willing chariot way.

Toil-worn the children of Æneas strive  
To make what shores are nearest. and at length  
To Libya's coast they come. There is a spot  
Deep in a cove's recess : an isle there makes  
A harbour with the barrier of its sides,  
'Gainst which no deep-sea billow but is dashed,  
And sundered into wavelets far withdrawn.  
On either side huge cliffs, a towering pair,  
Frown up to heaven ; sheer down in shelter sleep  
Broad waters, while, a scene of waving woods,  
Black shaggy groves hang beetling from above.  
Under the cliff's face is a crag-hung cave ;  
Within, fresh springs and seats in the living rock  
Nymph-haunted : the tired ships, to moor them here,  
No cables need, nor hookèd anchor's fang.  
Here, mustering seven from all his tale of ships,  
Æneas enters ; yearning sore for land,  
Outleap the Trojans, gain the wished-for beach,  
And lay their brine-drenched limbs upon the shore.

Achates from a flint first struck the spark,  
And nursed the fire in leaves, and, heaping round  
Dry fuel, on tinder quickly caught the flame.  
Then sea-marred corn they fetch, fate-sick, and gear  
Of the corn-goddess, and their rescued grain  
To parch with fire prepare and pound with stone.

Meanwhile Æneas scales a crag, to scan  
In one wide survey all the sea, if aught  
Of Antheus and the Phrygian biremes there  
Wind-drifted he may spy, or Capys, or  
Caicus' arms upon the lofty stern.  
Vessel in sight is none, on shore he sees  
Three stags before him ranging ; in their rear  
The whole herd follow, and in long array  
Wind feeding through the valleys. Then he stopped,  
Seized in his clutch a bow and winged shafts—  
Weapons which true Achates chanced to bear—  
And first themselves the leaders, holding high  
Their heads with branchy antlers, he lays low,  
And then the herd, and all the rout pell-mell  
Plies with his arrows through the leafy brakes,  
Nor stays his hand till seven huge frames on earth  
He casts in triumph, to match the tale of ships.  
Thence to the port he hies, gives all their share,  
And next the wine, which on Trinacria's shore  
In casks Acestes had in bounty stowed—  
A hero's gift at parting—he metes out,  
And soothes their sorrowing breasts with suchlike  
words :

'O comrades, for not all unlearned of ills,  
Are we already—O schooled to worser woes  
Than these, of these too heaven will grant an end.  
E'en Scylla's fury and deep-bellowing rocks  
Have ye drawn nigh, and proved the Cyclop-crag :  
Courage recall ; dull fears forego ; belike  
This too one day will be with joy remembered.  
Through shifting perils, by many a brink of death,  
Toward Latium are we faring, where the fates  
Portend us quiet resting-places : there  
The realm of Troy must from her ashes rise :  
Endure, and hoard yourselves for happier days.'

So spake his lips, while, sick with extreme woe,  
Hope's mask he wears, and chokes the anguish  
down.

They to the spoil, the feast that is to be,  
Address them, flay the ribs, the flesh lay bare ;  
Part cleave it into pieces, and on spits  
Still quivering-fresh impale them ; other some  
Set caldrons on the shore, and tend the fires.  
Then with the food they summon back their  
strength,

And stretched upon the greensward take their fill  
Of old wine and fat venison. When good cheer  
Had banished hunger, and the board was cleared,  
In endless talk for their lost mates they yearn,  
'Twixt hope and fear uncertain whether still  
Among the quick to deem them, or e'en now  
Suffering the worst, and deaf to their last cry.

And chiefly good Æneas, now the fate  
Of keen Orontes, now of Amycus,  
And inly, Lycus, thine untimely doom,  
And for brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus, mourns.

— And now they had ended, when from heights of  
air

Down-glancing on the sail-flown sea, and lands  
With shores and widespread peoples stretched be-  
low,

Jupiter thus upon the cope of heaven  
Made pause, and fixed his eyes on Libya's realm.  
Him then, such cares revolving in his breast,  
Sadder than wont, her bright eyes brimmed with  
tears,

Venus bespoke: 'O thou who swayest the tides  
Of men and gods with sovereign power eterne,  
And scar'st them with thy bolt, what crime so dire  
Can my Æneas, what the sons of Troy  
Have wrought to-thee-ward, that against them now,  
By death so minished, the whole world stands barred,  
And all for Italy? Surely that from these  
Should one day issue with revolving years  
The Romans, ay, from these the warrior-chiefs  
Of Teucer's blood quickened, born to rule  
All-potent sea and land, thou promisedst:  
What purpose, sire, has warped thee? I indeed  
Hereby, with counter-fate requiting fate,  
Oft solaced me for Troy's sad overthrow;  
But the same fortune, that pursued so long,

Still dogs them with disaster. Mighty king,  
What end dost thou vouchsafe them of their toils?  
Antenor, from the Achæan midst escaped,  
Could thrid Illyria's windings all unscathed,  
Far inward to Liburnian realms, and pass  
The well-springs of Timavus, whence the sea  
Bursts through nine mouths 'mid thunder of the  
rocks,

And whelms his fields beneath the roaring main.  
Yet here Patavium's city founded he,  
To be his Teucrians' dwelling-place, and named  
The nation, and hung high the arms of Troy;  
Now rests he tranquil, lulled in calm repose:  
But we, thine offspring, whom thy nod assigns  
The height of heaven, our ships—O misery!—lost,  
To slake one wrathful spirit are forsook,  
And sundered far from the Italian coast.  
Is this the good man's guerdon? Dost thou so  
Restore us to our empire?

Upon her  
Smiling with that regard, wherewith he clears  
Tempestuous skies, the sire of men and gods  
His daughter's lips touched, and bespake her thus:  
'Truce, Cytherea, to thy fears, and know  
Unshaken stand thy children's destinies:  
Lavinium's city and predestined walls  
Thou shalt behold, and in thine arms up-bear  
High-souled Æneas to the stars of heaven;  
Nor hath my purpose warped me. This, thy son—



For I, to ease thy gnawing care, will speak,  
From fate's dark roll her inmost secrets wring—  
Shall wage a mighty war in Italy,  
Crush the proud folk, and for his warriors found  
A city and a system, till the third  
Summer hath seen him lord in Latium,  
Three winters o'er the vanquished Rutules sped.  
But young Ascanius, newly now surnamed  
Iulus—Ilus was he while enthroned  
Stood Ilium's State—shall compass in his reign  
Thirty great cycles with revolving months,  
And from Lavinium shift his empire's seat,  
And Alba Longa's ramparts rear with power :  
Here now shall reign full thrice a hundred years  
Great Hector's line, till Ilia, royal maid  
And priestess, shall twin offspring bear to Mars,  
Their sire ; then glorying in the tawny hide  
Of the she-wolf, his nurse, shall Romulus  
Take up the nation, build the war-god's town,  
And call them Romans after his own name.  
For these no bounds of power, no times I fix,  
An endless empire grant them. Nay, fierce Juno,  
Who now with terror scares earth, sea, and heaven,  
Shall turn to kinder counsels, and with me  
Cherish the Romans, masters of the world,  
The toga'd nation. So hath heaven decreed.  
A time shall come with gliding lustres, when  
The house of Assaracus to her yoke shall bow  
Phthia and famed Mycenæ, and bear sway

O'er conquered Argos. From that glorious line,  
Of Troy descending, Cæsar shall be born,  
Destined to bound with ocean his domain,  
As with the stars his glory, Julius,  
A name bequeathed from great Iulus. Him,  
Laden with eastern spoils, shalt thou one day  
Hold safe in heaven : to him too prayers shall rise.  
Then wars shall cease, the rugged times grow mild ;  
Hoar Faith, and Vesta, and Quirinus then  
Yoked with his brother Remus, shall give laws ;  
Grim-knit with bolts of iron War's temple-gates  
Close-barred shall be, while hellish Rage within  
High on a grisly pile of arms, his hands  
Brass-bound behind him with a hundred knots,  
Shall roar terrific from blood-boltered mouth.'

So saying, he sends down Maia's son from heaven,  
That Carthage her new towers and lands might ope  
To greet the Teucrians, lest, unlearned of fate,  
Dido repel them. Through the vast of air  
His plumèd oars he plies, on Libya's strand  
Has swift alighted ; ay, e'en now he is  
About his errand ; the god wills, and lo !  
Those haughty hearts the Punic folk put by ;  
Their queen in chief toward the Teucrian host  
Now harbours gentle thoughts and kind desires.

But good Æneas, all night long perplexed  
With many a care, when first the genial boon  
Of light was given, resolved to issue forth,  
Search out the new land, and what shores he hath  
gained

By the wind's grace, whether by man or beast—  
So savage seem they—tenanted, then bear  
Back to his friends the tidings of his quest.  
In woody creek beneath a hollow rock  
His fleet he hides, by trees and bristling shades  
Closely embosomed, then himself strides forth,  
Achates sole beside him, in his hand  
Two javelins brandishing broad-tipped with iron.  
Him, half the wood-way through, his mother met,  
In face and garb a maiden, armed with gear  
Of Spartan damsel, or like her of Thrace,  
Harpalyce, what time she tires her steeds,  
Outspeeding arrowy Hebrus in her flight.  
For from her shoulders huntress-wise was slung  
A shapely bow ; her tresses she let trail  
Upon the winds, bare-kneed, her flowing folds  
Close gathered in a knot. Ere he could speak,  
' Ho ! ' cried she, ' youths, if ye have chanced to spy  
One of my sisters, tell me where she strays,  
With quiver and spotted lynx-skin girt, or else  
Hard on the track of foaming boar, full cry.'

So Venus, and in answer Venus' son :  
' None of thy sisters have I seen or heard,  
O—damsel must I name thee ? for thy face  
Nor mortal seems, nor human rings thy voice :  
O goddess surely, or Phœbus' sister thou,  
Or of the blood of nymphs, whoe'er thou art,  
Be kind, uplift the burden of our woe,  
And deign to say what heaven bends over us,

Cast on what borders of the world : for here  
Witless of country or of folk we roam,  
By winds and mighty billows hither driven.  
So on thine altars at our hand shall fall  
Full many a victim.'

Then spake Venus : ' Nay,  
Not mine to claim such worship ; Tyrian maids  
Wont thus to wear the quiver, and bind their limbs  
High with the purple buskin. Here thou seest  
The Punic realm, a Tyrian people, this  
Agenor's city, but all the borderland  
Libyan, a race untamable in war.  
Dido, whom erst from Tyre a brother's fear  
Banished, now reigns their empress ; 'tis a long  
And tangled tale of outrage, but the main  
Threads I will trace. Sychæus was her spouse,  
In all Phœnicia lord of widest lands :  
Fondly, poor heart, she loved him, by her sire  
A virgin given, and in first bridal yoked.  
But reigned o'er Tyre a monster-king of crime,  
Pygmalion, her brother, and there came  
Fury between them. At the household shrine,  
Impious and blinded by the lust of gold,  
With stealthy stroke at unawares he slays  
Sychæus, all reckless of his sister's love.  
Long he concealed the deed, by many a base  
Dissimulation with illusive hope  
Fooling the love-sick bride. But in her sleep  
Uprose the form of her unburied lord,

That, lifting a face pale in wondrous wise,  
Laid bare the ruthless altar, and therewith  
His steel-pierc'd bosom, and unveiled to view  
All the dark horror of the household crime.  
Then from her home at swiftest speed to hie  
He bids her, and for aid upon the way  
Unlocks old treasures in the earth concealed,  
Store known to none of silver and of gold.  
Scared at the tale, Dido her flight prepares  
And friends to fly with : round her throng, whom fierce  
Hate for the tyrant, or keen terror, filled ;  
Chance-proffered ships they seize, and lade with gold :  
Pygmalion's treasures from his gripe are borne  
O'er seas, a woman piloting the way.  
So to the place they came, where now thou spyest  
The lofty walls and rising citadel  
Of new-built Carthage, and of land they bought—  
Called Byrsa from their bargaining—so much  
As with a bull's hide they might compass round.  
But who are ye, sirs, from what shores arrived,  
Or on what journey bound ?' So questioned, he  
With accents from his deepest heart-springs drawn,  
Sighing, replied :

‘ Goddess, should I recount  
From their first source, and wert thou free to hear,  
Our sorrows' sad recital, eve would first  
Put day to sleep, and shut the gates of heaven.  
From ancient Troy, if haply through thine ears  
Troy's name has entered, borne o'er many a main,

The wind's whim drave us to the Libyan shores.  
Men call me good Æneas ; in this fleet  
Snatched from the foe my household gods I bring,  
In fame extolled above the stars. My goal  
Is Italy, my country, and a race  
Sprung from high Jove. With twice ten ships I  
climbed

The Phrygian main, by fate's clear promise led,  
My goddess-mother pointing me the way ;  
Scarce seven remain, by winds and waters riven.  
Myself the while, a beggar and unknown,  
Range here the Libyan waste, an outcast banned  
From Europe and from Asia.' His sad plaint  
Venus could bear no longer, but broke in  
Thus on his grief's mid utterance :

‘ Whosoe’er

Thou art, not all unloved, methinks, of heaven  
Draw'st thou the breath of life, who thus hast reached  
Our Tyrian city : but go forward still,  
And hence to the queen's palace win thy way :  
For news I bring thee of thy friends' return,  
Thy fleet in harbour, by the shifting gales  
To shelter driven ; or idly and for naught  
My parents schooled me in prophetic lore.  
See yonder swans twice six in jubilant line,  
Which from the skiey region with his swoop  
Jove's bird was routing o'er the plains of heaven :  
Now in long train they seem some lighting-ground  
To choose, or, chosen, to eye it from above :

As these, returned, with hurtling pinions play,  
Wheel in one flock through heaven, and utter songs,  
So, of thy ships and friends aboard them, some  
Are safe in port, and some with swelling sails  
Now make the harbour : only do thou still  
Go forward, follow where the pathway leads.'

She spake, and turning shone with rosy neck ;  
Her head's ambrosial locks breathed scent divine ;  
And, as her robe flowed downward to her feet,  
She stepped no doubtful goddess. When he knew  
His mother, her fleeting form he thus pursued,  
Crying, ' Ah ! cruel thou too, wherefore mock  
Thy son so oft with semblances untrue ?  
Why may I never clasp thy hand in mine,  
Or hear unfeignèd accents and reply ?'  
So chiding, toward the town he wends his way.  
But Venus with a dark haze hedged them in,  
As on they strode, and a thick mantling mist  
Miraculous shed over them, that none  
Might see, or touch, or compass them delay,  
Or ask their cause of coming. She herself  
Aloft to Paphos hies, her loved abode  
Blithe to revisit, where her temple stands,  
And with Sabæan incense ever smoke  
A hundred altars, fragrant with fresh flowers.

Meanwhile, where points the track, they speed  
their way,  
And now the hill they climb, that o'er the town  
Hangs huge, and frowns above the opposing towers.

Æneas marvels at the mighty mass,  
Mere huts of yore, he marvels at the gates,  
The busy din and paving of the ways.  
The Tyrians in hot haste are building walls,  
Rearing a citadel, and uprolling rocks  
By toil of hand ; some choose a dwelling site,  
And with a trench surround it : they appoint  
An awful senate, laws, and magistrates.  
Here these are digging harbours, yonder those  
Lay deep foundations for a theatre,  
And hew gigantic columns from the rocks,  
Lofty adornments of a stage to be.  
Such toil in early summer as keeps the bees  
Busy in sunshine amid flowery fields,  
When forth they lead the ripe youth of their race,  
Or pack the amber-dripping honey, and stretch  
Their cells to bursting with the nectar sweet,  
Or ease returning labourers of their load,  
Or form a band, and from their precincts drive  
The drones, a lazy herd : how glows the work !  
How sweet the honey smells of perfumed thyme !  
O happy ye, whose walls already rise,  
Exclaims Æneas, toward the city-roofs  
Upgazing, and so enters through their midst,  
Hedged in with darkness, marvellous to tell  
And mingles with the folk, unseen of all.

Within the city's midst a grove there stood  
Bounteous of shade, where first the Punic host,  
Scaped from the brunt of whirlwind and of wave,



Dug forth, as queenly Juno had foreshown,  
The symbol of a fiery horse's head :  
For so, said she, their race should ever prove  
Peerless in war and with abundance blest.  
Sidonian Dido here a mighty fane  
To Juno's praise was rearing, rich with gifts  
And with the indwelling goddess : see ! of brass  
High on ascending steps the threshold lay,  
And clenched with brass the lintels, of brass too  
The doors on creaking hinges. In this grove  
A strange sight met him, that first soothed his fear ;  
Here first Æneas dared for safety hope,  
And in his broken fortunes firmler trust.  
For 'neath the mighty fane while he surveys  
Point after point, still waiting for the queen,  
And marvels at the city, as he marks  
What fortune hers, her craftsmen's emulous hands  
And toil of labour, there set forth he sees  
The battlefields of Ilium, and the war  
By fame now bruited over the whole world,  
Priam and Atreus' sons, and, bane of both,  
Achilles. With arrested steps he cries  
Weeping, ' What place, Achates, or what clime  
But with the story of our grief o'erflows ?  
See Priam ! e'en here too honour hath its meed,  
And there are tears for what befalls, and hearts  
Touched by the chances of mortality.  
Fear naught, and thou shalt find this fame will bring  
Some safety with it.' He spake, and feasts his soul

Upon the empty picture, sighing sore,  
His face all bathed with grief's abundant flow.  
For, as they fought round Pergamus, behold !  
Here fled the Greeks, Troy's bravest at their heels,  
The Phrygians here, Achilles in his car  
With crested helm pursuing. Nor far aloof  
With tears he knew the snowy-canvassed tents  
Of Rhesus, which, in the first sleep betrayed,  
Red Tydeus' son was deluging with blood,  
Who campward now drives off the fiery steeds,  
Or e'er on Trojan pastures they had browsed,  
Or drunk of Xanthus. Elsewhere was portrayed,  
His arms in flight flung from him, Troilus :  
Poor boy ! for with Achilles overmatched,  
Dragged by his steeds to the void car he clings,  
Thrown backward, and yet grasping still the reins :  
Neck, see ! and hair are trailed along the ground,  
And his reversed spear scribbles in the dust.  
Meanwhile the Trojan women to the shrine  
Of unregardful Pallas passed along  
Bearing the peplus, all their tresses loosed,  
As suppliant mourners with hand-bruised breasts ;  
On earth the goddess with averted gaze  
Her eyes was fixing. There Achilles too  
Had thrice dragged Hector round the walls of Troy,  
And now was bartering his dead corse for gold.  
Then from the bottom of his heart he heaved  
A mighty groan, when he beheld the spoils,  
The chariot, nay, the body of his friend,

And Priam outstretching his defenceless hands.  
Himself too there among the Achæan chiefs  
He recognised, and dusky Memnon's arms  
And eastern warriors. With their moonèd shields  
Penthesilea like a fury leads  
The Amazonian ranks, and blazes forth  
Amid her thousands, one protruding breast  
Looped with a golden girdle—warrior-queen,  
Who dares the shock of battle, maid with men.

Now while Æneas the Dardan at this sight  
Marvels, beholding, while amazed he stands  
In one fixed gaze immovable, the queen,  
Dido, in matchless beauty to the fane,  
Thronged with a mighty company, has come.  
As by Eurotas' banks, or on the heights  
Of Cynthus, when Diana plies the dance—  
A thousand Oreads upon either side  
Massed in her train—she on her shoulder bears  
A quiver, and as she treads o'ertops them all—  
A secret rapture thrills Latona's breast—  
Such Dido seemed, so moved she through their  
midst  
Rejoicing, busied with her realm to be.  
Then in the sacred portals and beneath  
The mid vault of the temple, hedged with arms,  
Propped high upon a throne, her seat she took.  
There laws and judgments gave she to her folk,  
Now meting forth their tasks in equal shares,  
Now doling them by lot : when suddenly

'Mid a great throng Æneas sees approach  
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave,  
And other Teucrians whom the black typhoon  
Had scattered o'er the main, or swept afar  
To alien shores. Achates and his chief,  
Thrilled and bewildered betwixt joy and fear,  
Yearn eagerly to clasp their hands, but still,  
By the strange fact confounded, make no sign,  
And from their cloudy covering watch to learn  
The heroes' fortunes, on what shore their fleet  
They are leaving, with what hope arrived, for lo !  
From all the ships came envoys craving grace,  
And with loud clamour making for the shrine.

So when they had entered and gat leave to speak,  
Their eldest, Ilioneus, thus took the word  
With heart unruffled : ' O queen, whom Jove assigns  
To found a virgin city, and curb in  
Unbending nations with the reins of law,  
We Trojans, tempest-driven from sea to sea,  
In bitter case implore thee, from our ships  
Ward off the unutterable doom of fire :  
Spare us, a pious race, and on our plight  
Look with no distant eyes. We have not come  
To harry with the sword your Libyan homes,  
Or seize the spoil, and drive it to the shore :  
Such lawlessness we like not, nor so prone  
Are conquered men to insolence. There is  
A spot, by Greeks Hesperia named, a land  
Of old renown, mighty in arms, in soil

Prolific, where the Ænotrian heroes dwelt,  
Now by a later race named Italy,  
If rumour lie not, from their leader's name.  
Thither our course we held, when, big with storm,  
Orion, rising with a sudden sea,  
Drave us on hidden shoals, and scattered us  
Far athwart billows of o'ertoppling brine  
And pathless rocks, before the headstrong south :  
Hither we few have floated to your shores.  
What race of men is this ? What land allows  
Custom so cruel ? The welcome of the shore  
Denied, they dare us at sword's point set foot  
Upon the utmost margin of their land.  
If men and mortal arms ye hold so light,  
Yet look for gods mindful of right and wrong.  
Æneas was our king, none juster, none  
More famed for goodness, or for feats of war.  
If fate still spare that hero, if he still  
Feeds on the air of heaven, nor yet is laid  
In cruel darkness, naught have we to fear ;  
No, nor wouldst thou repent thee to have been  
His challenger in kindness. Cities too  
And arms to aid in Sicily have we,  
And Prince Acestes, sprung from Trojan blood.  
Let us but haul our battered fleet ashore,  
Fit planks in the forest, and trim oars, that if  
Vouchsafed us still to make for Italy,  
Comrades and king restored, with hearts elate  
To Italy and Latium we may go ;

But if cut off our safety, and if thee,  
Best father of the Teucrians, Libya's deep  
Holds in its keeping, and no hope is now  
Left in Iulus, we at least may seek  
Sicania's strait from whence we sailed, the homes  
There waiting, and Acestes for our king.'  
So Ilioneus; and instant with one mouth  
Clamoured assent the sons of Dardanus.

Then briefly Dido speaks with drooping eyes:  
'Cast fear adrift, and shut the doors on doubt,  
Teucrians: the hard conditions of the time,  
And raw youth of my kingdom to this push  
Compel me, and to guard my frontiers round.  
Æneas and the race that call him sire  
Who can there be that knows not, and Troy's town  
Heroes and heroisms, and all her wars'  
Vast conflagration? Not so dull the hearts  
We bear in Punic bosoms, nor so far  
Out of the sun's track in his charioting  
Our Tyrian town. The great Hesperian land  
And Saturn's realm, or Eryx and the tract  
That bows to king Acestes—choose ye which;  
Safeguarded I will speed you on your way  
With stores to boot. Or would ye in this realm  
Sit down beside me? the town I build is yours:  
Haul up your ships: Trojan and Tyrian  
Without distinction shall be held by me.  
And would that by the selfsame tempest driven  
Your king himself Æneas had been here!

For my part, I will send through all my coasts  
Sure scouts, and bid them traverse Libya's land  
From end to end, if haply cast ashore  
Forest or city holds him wandering.'

Fired by these words long since Achates bold  
And Sire Æneas burned to break their cloud.  
Achates first gat utterance : ' Goddess-born,  
Say now what purpose rises in thy heart ?  
Thou seest all safe, comrades and fleet restored,  
One only lacking, whom our own eyes saw  
Gulfed in mid-ocean : with thy mother's words  
Else all things tally.' Scarcely had he spoke,  
When suddenly the cloud that wrapped them round  
Sunders, and melts into the open heaven.  
Forth stood Æneas in the clear sunlight  
Resplendent, face and shoulders like a god :  
For she who bare him on her son had breathed  
A glory of hair, and ruddy light of youth,  
And on his eyes glad lustre—such a grace  
As artist's hand to ivory lends, or like  
Silver or Parian chased with yellow gold.  
Then to the queen, by all unlooked for, thus  
Sudden he speaks : ' I, whom ye seek, am here,  
Trojan Æneas, snatched from Libyan waves.  
Thou, who alone the unutterable woes  
Of Troy hast pitied, and dost impart to us—  
The remnant of the Danai, wearied out  
With all mischances both of land and sea,  
Beggared of all—a city and a home,

Dido, to yield thee worthy thanks stands not  
Within our means, nor theirs who else survive  
Of Dardan blood, scattered the wide world o'er.  
May heaven, if any powers regard the good,  
If justice and the self-approving mind  
Weigh aught in the world, return thee guerdon due!  
What age so blest as to have borne thee? What  
Parents so noble as to call thee child?  
While rivers still shall run into the sea,  
While shadows sweep the mountain-sides, while  
heaven

Shall feed the stars, thy glory, name, and praise,  
What lands soe'er me summon, shall remain.'  
So saying, his right hand he reached forth to greet  
Friend Ilioneus, Serestus with his left,  
Then others, bold Gyas and Cloanthus bold.

Astounded by the hero's presence first,  
Then at his vast misfortune, thus outspoke  
Sidonian Dido: 'Through such mighty perils,  
O goddess-born, what fate pursues, what force  
To barbarous shores impels thee? Art thou that  
Æneas, whom kindly Venus by the wave  
Of Phrygian Simois to the Dardan bare,  
Anchises? I myself remember well  
When Teucer, from his own home ousted, came  
To Sidon, seeking a new realm to win  
By Belus' aid: my father Belus then  
Was harrying Cyprus, whose rich soil he swayed  
With conquering sceptre. From that time to this



Troy's chequered fortune hath been known to me,  
And thine own name, and the Pelasgian kings.  
Even he, their foeman, with high praise would laud  
The Teucrians, from the Teucrians' ancient stock  
Claim to be sprung. Then enter, sirs, our house.  
Me too like fortune, tossed from toil to toil,  
Suffers at length to make this land my home :  
Not all unlessoned in disaster I  
Learn to befriend the wretched.' With such words  
She to her palace leads Æneas in,  
And for the temples of the gods proclaims  
Due honour. For his comrades therewithal  
Down to the beach she sends a score of bulls,  
A hundred burly swine with bristling backs,  
Fat lambs a hundred, with their dams to boot,  
Glad gifts for the glad day. Meanwhile, within,  
The palace is set forth in all the pomp  
Of royal splendour, and amidst the hall  
A feast are they preparing—coverlets  
Wrought deftly of proud purple, on the boards  
Ponderous silver, and, embossed in gold,  
The brave deeds of her sires, an endless-long  
Array of exploits traced from chief to chief  
Down from the earliest dawning of her race.

Æneas, for a father's love forbade  
His mind to rest, sends forward to the ships  
Achates, bidding him with speed acquaint  
Ascanius, and conduct him to the town—  
Upon Ascanius a fond father's heart

Is wholly set—and presents he bids bring  
Snatched from the wreck of Ilium, a long robe  
Stiff with embroidered gold-work, and a veil  
Purpled with yellow-flowered acanthus, worn  
By Argive Helen, and from Mycenæ brought,  
Then, when to Troy she sailed, a bride forbid—  
Her mother Leda's marvellous gift ; therewith  
A sceptre which erewhile had known the grasp  
Of Priam's eldest daughter Ilione,  
A pearl-strung necklet, and a double crown  
Of gems and gold. Upon this errand sped,  
Achates now was hastening to the ships.

But Cytherea in her breast revolves  
New wiles and new devices, that, for sweet  
Ascanius, Cupid, changed in face and form,  
May come, and with his gifts inflame the queen  
To frenzy, and wrap all her frame in fire.  
Ay, for in sooth she fears the treacherous house  
And double-spoken Tyrians : Juno's hate  
Sears her, and trouble at nightfall returns.  
Thus, therefore, she bespeaks her wingèd Love :  
' Son, my sole strength and mighty power, O son,  
Who laughest even at the Typhœan bolts  
Of the great Father, to thy feet I fly,  
And suppliant sue thy godhead. How Æneas,  
Thy brother, is buffeted from shore to shore  
Over the main by Juno's rancorous spite—  
These things are known to thee, and with our grief  
Oft hast thou grieved. Phœnician Dido now

Holds and enchains him with her flattering words ;  
And much I fear where Juno's welcome tends ;  
She will not idle where such hopes are hinged.  
So to prevent with guile and gird with fire  
The queen I purpose, that no power may change,  
But strong love for Æneas fix her mine.  
Next how to achieve it hearken my device :  
The royal boy, my chiefest care, e'en now  
To the Sidonian town sets forth to go  
At his loved father's bidding—in his hand  
Gifts that escaped Troy's burning and the sea.  
Him will I hide upon Cythera's height,  
Or on Idalium in my sacred seat,  
Lulled in deep slumber, that he may not know  
Nor intervene to mar my stratagems.  
Then for one night—no more—feign thou his form,  
And don the well-known features, boy for boy,  
That when with rapture at the royal board,  
The wine-god brimming, Dido to her breast  
Shall take thee and embrace, and on thy lips  
Imprint sweet kisses, with the subtle fire  
Thy breath may poison her at unawares.'  
Obedient then to his dear mother's words,  
Love doffed his wings, and with Iulus' gait  
Walked gaily forth. Meantime Ascanius,  
While gentle slumber o'er his frame she pours,  
Venus, to her immortal bosom clasped,  
Bears upward to Idalia's wooded heights,  
Where soft amaracus enfolds with flowers,

And fans him with the breath of odorous shade.

And now, all joy, Achates for his guide,  
Cupid the royal gifts obediently  
Came bearing for the Tyrians. Entering,  
He sees the queen set in their midst, reclined  
Upon a gold couch proudly canopied.  
Now Sire Æneas, now the Trojan men  
Gather, and stretch them on strewn purple. Slaves  
Pour water on their hands, and proffer bread  
From baskets, and bring towels with shorn pile.  
Within are fifty handmaids, charged in course  
To heap continuous store, and magnify  
With fire the hearth-gods ; and a hundred more,  
With men as many and of like age, to load  
The board with viands, and set the winecups on.  
The Tyrians too, throughout the festive hall  
Gathered in crowds, are bidden to recline  
On broidered couches. At Æneas' gifts  
They marvel, marvel at Iulus too—  
The god-light in his face, the well-feigned words—  
And at the robe, and veil embroidered-fair  
With yellow-flowered acanthus. Most of all,  
Ill-starred, and destined to the coming bane,  
The fair Phœnician cannot gloat her fill,  
But feeds the flame with gazing, by the boy  
Ravished no less than by the gifts. But he,  
When he had clasped Æneas, and hung close  
About his neck, sating the hungry love  
Of his pretended sire, moves toward the queen.

She with her eyes, and she with all her heart  
Cleaves to him, and fondles at her breast anon—  
Dido, all witless of how great a god  
Is her poor bosom's burden. He the while,  
His Acidalian mother heeding well,  
Slowly begins to blot Sychæus out,  
And with a living passion to forestall  
A heart long stagnant and to love unused.

When the first hush upon the banquet fell,  
The board removed, they set on mighty bowls,  
And crown the winecups. Loud the rafters ring,  
As through the wide hall rolls the roar of tongues ;  
Down from the gilded roof hang lamps ablaze,  
And flambeaux flaring put the night to rout.  
And now a cup heavy with gems and gold  
The queen bade bring, and filled it with pure wine,  
As Belus used, and all from Belus sprung ;  
Then through the hall fell silence : ' Jupiter,  
Of hospitable laws, men say, the giver,  
To Tyrians and to travellers from Troy  
Grant that this day propitious be, and that  
Our children's children may remember it.  
Let Bacchus, source of jollity, be near,  
And bounteous Juno ; and, ye Tyrians too,  
Grace ye our gathering with goodwill.' She spake  
And on the table poured the votive wine,  
And, having made libation, with lip's edge  
Herself first touched it, then to Bitias  
Passed with a merry taunt ; he, nothing loth,

Drank of the foaming goblet, and dived deep  
Into the brimming gold ; then other lords  
In turn. Iopas of the flowing hair  
Makes the hall echo with his gilded lyre,  
Once taught of mightiest Atlas : and his song  
Is of the wandering moon, the toiling sun,  
Whence human kind and cattle, whence rain and fire ;  
Arcturus, and the showery Hyades,  
And the twin Bears ; why winter suns so haste  
To dip themselves in Ocean, or what check  
Retards the lingering nights. With shout on shout  
Applaud the Tyrians, and the sons of Troy  
Make answer : therewithal in varied talk  
Unhappy Dido still spun out the night,  
Drinking deep draughts of love ; and much she asked  
Of Priam, much of Hector, with what arms  
Aurora's son came girded to the fray,  
How fair the steeds of Diomedes, or how vast  
Achilles. ' Nay, but, O my guest,' said she,  
' Come, tell us from the first the Danaan plots,  
Thy comrades' woes, and thine own wanderings :  
For lo ! the seventh returning summer now  
Bears thee a wanderer over land and wave.'

## BOOK II

## ÆNEID II

All lips were hushed, all eyes attentive fixed :  
Then Sire Æneas from his lofty couch  
Addressed him thus to speak :

‘ Unutterable,

O queen, the grief thou bid'st me to revive,  
How Troy's magnificence and royal power,  
Woe worth the day ! the Danai overthrew ;  
Thrice piteous scenes which I myself beheld,  
And was a mighty part of. Such a tale  
Who or of Myrmidons or Dolopes  
Or stern Ulysses' soldiery could tell,  
And hold from weeping ? Now too dewy night  
Adown the sky falls headlong, and the stars  
Sinking invite to sleep. But if to learn  
Our woes such longing take thee, and to hear  
Brief-told Troy's dying anguish, though my mind  
At the remembrance shudders, from the grief  
Recoils, I will attempt it.

‘ Broken in war

And baffled by the fates, the Danaan chiefs,

Now that so many grew the gliding years,  
By Pallas' aid, artificer divine,  
Build up a horse of mountain bulk, the ribs  
Of pine-planks interwoven, feigning it  
A votive offering for their home-return ;  
So runs the rumour. Into its dark side  
Picked warriors stealthily by lot they stow,  
And fill the deep vaults of its mighty womb  
With armed soldiery.

‘ There lies in sight  
An isle, fame-bruited, Tenedos, full-fraught  
Of power, while yet stood Priam's empire—now  
Mere bay and roadstead, ill for keels to trust.  
Hither they sail, and on the barren shore  
Lie hid. We deem them far upon their way,  
Bound for Mycenæ with a favouring gale.  
Thereat all Teucria shuffles off the load  
Of her long mourning. Wide are flung the gates ;  
Whence issuing forth with rapture we behold  
The Dorian camp, the haunts now tenantless,  
The shore left void : here the Dolopian band,  
Here fierce Achilles pitched ; here lay the fleet ;  
Here were they wont to meet us, host to host.  
Some gape at Maid Minerva's doom-fraught gift,  
And marvel at the monster-horse ; and first  
Thymœtes urged it within walls be haled,  
And lodged in the fortress, or through treachery, or  
To this e'en now the fates of Troy were tending.  
But Capys and the minds of saner bent



Bid either hurl it headlong in the sea—  
This Danaan ambush, their suspicious gift,  
Or fire it from beneath, or pierce and probe  
The womb's dark hollows. With fierce party-cries  
This way and that the wavering crowd 'is torn.

'Then first of all Laocoon in hot haste  
Comes rushing down the citadel's steep height,  
Thronged with a mighty crowd, and cries from far,  
"Alack! so mad, my masters! do ye think  
The foe departed? deem ye any gift  
Of Danaans can lack guile? have ye so learned  
Ulysses? either in this timber caged  
Achæans lurk, or 'tis an engine framed  
Against the walls, to spy into our homes  
And pounce upon the city from above,  
Or else some trickery lurks therein; trust not  
The horse, ye Trojans; whatsoever it be,  
E'en gift in hand, I fear the Danai still."  
So saying, with main strength a huge spear he hurled  
At the brute's flank, and where the framework bulged  
To belly: it stood there quivering; the womb shook;  
The vaults rang hollow and gave forth a groan:  
And had the powers above, had our own wit  
Not turned awry, he had prevailed to sack  
The Argives' den; Troy still were standing; thou  
Priam's tall citadel unshaken still.

'Meanwhile a youth, his hands behind him bound,  
See! Dardan hinds come haling to the king  
Loud-clamouring, who, to shape it even so,

And let the Achæans into Troy, had thrust  
A stranger's wilful presence on their path,  
Dauntless of soul, and armed for this or that—  
His wiles to ply, or fall on certain death.  
Eager to see, Troy's sons from every side  
Rush round him like a torrent, each with each  
Vying to mock their captive. Come now, hear  
How Danaans can deceive, and learn from one  
The villainy of all. For as he stood  
Helpless, confused, a target for all eyes,  
And gazed around upon the Phrygian ranks,  
“Alas!” he cried, “what land, what ocean now  
Can harbour me? or what last hope have I—  
The wretch, alike from Danaan earth debarred,  
And for whose blood the Dardans howl no less,  
To quit their hatred?” By that burst of grief  
Changed was our humour, checked each rude assault;  
We urge him speak, relate from whence he sprang,  
His errand what, and why, a thrall, so bold.  
Then, fear abandoned, thus at length he speaks:  
“All will I truly tell thee, King, quoth he,  
Betide what may; my Argive birth I own;  
This at the outset; nor, if Fortune shaped  
Sinon for misery, shall her spite, beside,  
Shape him to fraud and falsehood. It may be,  
Borne on men's voices, to thine ear hath sped  
Some sound of Palamede from Belus sprung,  
A name world-famous, whom by lies betrayed,  
Guiltless, and on a villain's charge, because

The war he gainsaid, the Pelasgian lords  
Once did to death, now, lorn of light, deplore.  
To him as comrade and near kinsman I  
Was by a needy sire in earliest youth  
Sent hither to the field. While yet enthroned  
Scathless he stood, and at kings' councils throve,  
I in some sort held rank and honour too :  
But when Ulysses' treacherous spite, I speak  
No secret, drave him from the realms of day,  
Downcast and darkling my sad life dragged on,  
With inward wrath for my friend's guiltless fate.  
Nor—madman—could I hold my peace, but vowed,  
Should chance but offer, to my Argive home  
If e'er returned in triumph, to wreak his fall,  
And, thus outspoken, stirred the goads of hate.  
Thence my first slip to ruin, Ulysses thence  
Ceased not to scare me with new charges, thence  
To sow dark rumours in the common ear,  
And hunt for armed accomplices. Indeed  
No rest he took till, Calchas at his side—  
But why the unwelcome record do I thus  
Vainly unroll ? or why the tale prolong ?  
If all the Achæans in one class ye file,  
And hearing that suffices, take, 'tis time,  
Your vengeance ; this the Ithacan would wish,  
And this the Atreidæ grudge no gold to buy."

‘Then truly burn we to search out and learn  
The why and wherefore, strangers as we were  
To guilt so monstrous and Pelasgian guile.

He, quaking, with false heart his speech renews :

“ Oft were the Danai fain to take their flight,  
Leave Troy behind, and quit the weary war ;  
And would they had done so ! the rough sea as oft  
Opposed its stormy barrier, and the south  
Scared them from going. Chiefly when yon horse,  
Of maple-beams compacted, stood erect,  
With bellowing storm-clouds the whole welkin rang.  
Doubtful, we send Eurypylus to ask  
The oracle of Phœbus : from the shrine  
This dolorous word he brings. ‘ It was with blood  
Of a slain virgin ye appeased the winds,  
When, Danai, first ye made for Ilium’s shore :  
With blood no less must your return be sought,  
And expiation of an Argive’s life.’

“ When to the people’s ears this utterance came,  
Numbed were all hearts, and through their inmost  
bones

Ran a chill shudder—who was he by fate  
Predestined thus ? Apollo’s victim who ?  
Then he of Ithaca with blusterings loud  
Drags forth into their midst Calchas the seer ;  
Hotly demands, what is this will of heaven.  
Nor lacked there who e’en then foretold to me  
The schemer’s cruel outrage, or who saw  
The end, yet spake not. / Twice five days the seer  
In silence hides him, vows no word of his  
Shall denounce any, or to death consign.  
Scarce driven at length by the Ithacan’s loud cries,

To crown their compact, he breaks forth in speech,  
And dooms me to the altar. All approved,  
Nor recked to turn what each for self was fearing  
To one poor soul's destruction. Now drew near  
The unutterable day ; for me were now  
The altar-rites preparing, the salt cakes  
And brow-encircling fillets. I confess  
I plucked me from perdition, brake my bonds,  
In miry pool all night sedge-sheltered lay,  
Till they should sail, if haply sailed they had.  
Nor longer my old country may I hope  
Or children sweet, or longed-for sire to see,  
Of whom far likelier they for my default  
Will claim the forfeit, with their death, poor souls !  
Atone my trespass. But I thee implore  
By the high Gods, and powers that know the truth,  
By what remains to mortals anywhere  
Of faith untarnished, pity woes like mine,  
Pity a soul with unjust burdens bowed."

‘ Life to his tears we grant and pity too :  
Priam's own voice first bids the man be loosed  
From grip of gyve and fetter, and thus speaks  
With kindly word : " Whoe'er thou art, henceforth,  
As for the Greeks, forget them and forego :  
Ours shalt thou be, and to my questioning  
Unfold true answers : this huge monster-horse  
Why built they ? by whom fathered ? to what end ?  
A sacred symbol ? or some tool of war ? ”  
He had said : the other, well equipped with guile

And craft Pelasgian, to the stars upturned  
His hands now fetterless : " You, quenchless fires,  
And your inviolable majesty  
I call," quoth he, " to witness, and you too,  
Altars and heinous swords which I escaped,  
And garlands of the gods, my victim-gear ;  
Lawful it is for me to break my vows  
Of fealty to the Greeks, lawful to hate  
The men themselves, and all things air abroad  
That they hide in the closet, nor am I  
Holden by any of my country's laws :  
Only do thou stand by thy plighted word,  
Troy, and, safeguarded, guard thy promise safe,  
If truth I tell, if richly thee repay.

" All hope and courage for the war's emprise  
On Pallas' help the Danaans ever stayed :  
But from what time, with Tydeus' impious son  
Ulysses, crime-contriver, dared to rend  
Doom-fraught Palladium from its hallowed shrine,  
And slew the watchmen of her castled height,  
And snatched the sacred image, and feared not  
With hands blood-recking to contaminate  
Her godhead's maiden fillets, from henceforth  
The Danaans' hope at ebb slid ever back,  
Crushed was their strength, the goddess' heart estranged.  
Nor doubtful the dread signs Tritonia gave ;  
Scarce was her semblance lodged within the camp,  
When from the upturned eyes shot quivering flames,  
A salt sweat coursed along the limbs, and thrice—

Wondrous to tell—of her own self she sprang  
From earth shield-laden, and with spear that shook.  
Calchas at once with prophet-voice bids brave  
Ocean in flight, for that no Argive arms  
Could uprear Pergamus, except they seek  
At Argos for new omens, and bring back  
That will of heaven, which erst they bare away  
O'er ocean with them in their curvèd keels.  
And now that homeward-wafted they have sought  
Mycenæ, 'tis to get them arms, and gods  
For their way-fellows, and, the sea recrossed,  
They will be here unlooked for. In such wise  
Doth Calchas sort the omens. ✓ Warned by him  
They reared this image in Palladium's place,  
For outraged godhead, their dark crime to quit.  
But to this monstrous height of woven planks  
Calchas bade lift it and upbuild to heaven,  
Lest through your gates it be received, or drawn  
Within the ramparts, and so shield your folk  
Beneath their ancient worship. For if hand  
Of yours had wronged Minerva's offering,  
Mighty destruction then—which augury  
May heaven first turn upon himself! would fall  
On Priam's empire and the Phrygians ; but  
If by your hands your city it should scale,  
Asia herself should in a mighty war  
Assail the walls of Pelops, and such doom  
Remain in store for our posterity."

† ' By such decoys of Sinon's art forsworn

The tale gat credence, and by craft were caught  
And forcèd tears, whom neither Tydeus' son,  
No, nor Achilles of Larissa, nor  
Ten years had conquered, nor a thousand keels.  
‘ A mightier portent and more fearful far,  
Poor souls ! here bursts upon them, and confounds  
Their blinded senses. For Laocoon,  
The priest of Neptune, as by lot assigned,  
Was at the wonted altars sacrificing  
A mighty bull, when, lo ! from Tenedos,  
Over the tranquil ocean serpents twain—  
I shudder to recount it—with huge coils  
Cumbering the deep, ply shoreward side by side ;  
Reared on the surge their breasts and blood-red manes  
O’ertop the billows ; the remaining bulk  
Skims ocean aft in labyrinthine folds :  
Hark ! how the brine seethes audibly ! and now,  
Their glowing eyes with blood suffused and fire,  
The shore-fields they were gaining, and their chaps  
Hissed, as with flickering tongues they licked them ; we  
Pale at the sight fly scattered ; they with line  
Unwavering at Laocoon aim, and first  
His two sons’ slender bodies either snake  
Embraces and enfolds, and gnawing feeds  
Upon the hapless limbs ; then him they seize  
Up-hurrying armed to aid them, and bind fast  
With mighty spires, and now—their scaly length  
Twice wreathed about his waist, twice round his neck—  
With heads o’ertop him and high-towering throats.



He, while to rend their knots he strives amain,  
His fillets with black venom drenched and gore,  
Uplifts to heaven heart-piercing shrieks ; as when  
'Scaped from the altar, bellows a maimed bull,  
That from his neck shakes off the erring axe.  
But to the temple's height that dragon-pair  
Gliding escape, and seek the citadel  
Of fell Tritonia, to find covert close  
Under the goddess' feet and orbèd shield.  
Then through the trembling hearts of all there crept  
Strange fear ; and " rightly hath Laocoon  
Paid for his crime," they cry, " with point of spear  
Wounding the hallowed wood, what time he hurled  
His guilty lance against the flank." ✓ Then all  
Shout that the image to her shrine be drawn,  
And supplication to the goddess made.  
✓ We cleave the city-walls, the ramparts ope ;  
All gird them to the task, beneath the hoofs  
Set wheels a-gliding, and around the neck  
Stretch hempen hawsers ; with war-laden womb  
The doom-fraught engine scales the wall : around  
Boys and unwedded girls sing litanies,  
And joy to touch the cable with their hands.  
And so it enters, and glides threateningly  
Into the city's midst. Land of my birth !  
O Ilium, home of gods, and, famed in war,  
Ye Dardan battlements ! four times it stopped  
At the gate's very threshold, and four times  
From out its entrails came a clash of arms.

But frenzy-blinded we press heedless on,  
And in our hallowed citadel uprear  
The luckless prodigy. Then, even then,  
Cassandra for the coming doom unlocks  
Those lips ne'er trusted by the sons of Troy—  
So heaven decreed it : we, that day our last,  
Fond wretches ! range the city, and festoon  
With gala-boughs the temples of the gods.

• Meanwhile the face of heaven is turned, and night  
Comes up from Ocean, in its mighty shade  
Both earth and sky, and Myrmidonian wiles  
Enveloping : stretched silent on the walls  
The Teucrians lay ; sleep held their weary limbs.  
E'en now the Argive host from Tenedos  
With vessels in array was wending on,  
Through the kind stillness of the silent moon  
Seeking the well-known shore, when sudden lo !  
The royal galley reared her signal-fires,  
And, shielded by the gods' unequal doom,  
Sinon by stealth lets loose the pinewood bolts,  
And womb-imprisoned Danai. Them the horse  
Restores, thrown open, to the light of day,  
And from the hollow frame with joy they leap —  
Thessander, Sthenelus, those lords of war,  
And dread Ulysses, by the lowered rope  
Down-gliding ; Acamas, and Thoas, and  
Son's son of Peleus Neoptolemus,  
Machaon first of all, and Menelaus,  
Ay, and Epeus, framer of the fraud.

These storm the town, buried in sleep and wine ;  
The guards are slain ; through the wide portals all  
Let in their friends, and join the federate band.

‘ It was the time when the first slumber falls  
On suffering mortals, by the high God’s gift  
Then sweetliest stealing o’er them : lo ! in sleep  
Hector before mine eyes, all woe-begone,  
Did seem to stand, and shower down floods of tears ;  
Torn by the dragging chariot, as of old,  
And black with blood-stained dust, and his swol’n feet  
Pierced with the thong. Ah ! what a sight he was !  
How all unlike that Hector, who returns  
Clad in Achilles’ arms, the spoils of war,  
Or fresh from hurling on the Danaan decks  
The fires of Phrygia ! now with draggled beard,  
And hair blood-clotted, wearing all those wounds  
So thickly dealt him round his native walls !  
Weeping myself, I first, methought, addressed  
The hero, and drew forth these sorrowing words :  
“ Light of the Dardan land, O staunchest hope  
Of Teucria’s sons, what long delay hath held thee ?  
Or from what borders, Hector, art thou come,  
Much looked for ? is it thus that wearied out  
With all the myriad slaughters of thy friends,  
City and townsmen’s ever-changing woes,  
Our eyes behold thee ? What unseemly cause  
Hath marred thy cloudless features ? or what mean  
These wounds I gaze on ? ” Not a word spake he,  
Nor recked mine idle questioning, but groan

On laboured groan from out his bosom's depth  
Upheaving, " Ah ! fly, goddess-born," he said,  
" And snatch thee from the flames : the foemen hath  
Our walls, and Troy from her proud summit sinks.  
Enough to king and country hath been given :  
If any hand could Pergamus have saved,  
Then mine had saved it : Troy commits to thee  
Her worship and her household gods ; these take  
As comrades of thy destinies ; for these  
Seek out a mighty city thou at length  
Shalt rear thee, having roamed wide ocean o'er."  
Such words he spake, and in his hands bare forth  
The sacred fillets from the inmost shrine,  
And Vesta's might, and her undying fire.

‘ Meantime the walls grow one confused scene  
Of widespread anguish ; and, though far withdrawn  
My sire Anchises’ palace amid trees  
Lay sheltered, ever louder and more loud  
Surges the din, swells out the alarm of war.  
I start from sleep, to the high roof-top mount,  
And stand, all ear, to hearken : as when fire  
Falls on the corn beneath the furious south,  
Or ravening torrent from a mountain-flood  
Lays low the fields, lays low the laughing crops,  
The oxen’s labour, and drags forests down  
Headlong, the hind from some tall craggy peak  
Mute with amaze stands listening to the roar.  
Then is the bare truth self-attested, then  
The Danaan wiles unmask them ; see e’en now

The house of Deiphobus a vast ruin yawns  
O'ertopped by Vulcan ! see his neighbour too  
Ucalegon in flames ! Sigeum's gulf  
Reflects the blaze afar. Up goes to heaven  
Shouting of men, and clarion's bray ; distraught  
I seize mine arms, though arms lack argument ;  
But my heart burns to mass a warrior-band,  
And with my comrades hasten to the hold :  
Frenzy and anger urge my headlong will,  
And death methinks how comely, sword in hand.

‘ But Pantheus, from the Achæan darts escaped,  
Pantheus, the son of Othrys, see ! and priest  
Of Phœbus on the height, in his own hand  
The sacred emblems of the vanquished gods,  
And dragging his young grandchild after him,  
Nigh at wits' end comes hurrying to my door.  
“ Pantheus, how stands the fortune of the day ?  
What point of vantage seize we ? ” Scarce had I  
Uttered the words when, groaning, he replies :  
“ The latest day, the inevitable hour,  
Has dawned on Dardan land ; [we, Trojans once,  
And Ilium, and the Teucrians' giant fame  
Have been, and are not ;] Jove's remorseless will  
From us to Argos hath borne all away ;  
Our town's a-flame ; the Danaans lord it there.  
Towering amidst the city-walls erect  
The horse rains armed warriors ; far and near  
Sinon with victor-insolence spreads wide  
The conflagration. Through the folding gates

Some enter, myriads countless as e'er came  
From great Mycenæ ; some, to bar our path,  
With weapons have beset the narrow ways,  
A wall of steel-blade edges flashing bare,  
For death-blow dight : scarce seek the foremost guards  
To hold the gates against them, or maintain  
The blindfold conflict." At such words as these  
From Othrys' son, and at the doom of heaven,  
I rush into the midst of fire and fray,  
Where the grim Fury, where the battle-din  
Me summons, and the shouts uptossed to heaven.  
Then, lo ! by moonlight borne across my path,  
Rhipeus, and Epytus, right brave in arms,  
And Hypanis and Dymas join with me,  
And gather to my side, and Mygdon's child,  
The youth Corœbus. In those days it chanced  
He, with mad passion for Cassandra fired,  
Had come to Troy, and as a son was now  
To Priam and the Phrygians lending aid,  
Unhappy, not to heed the warning voice  
Of his heaven-frenzied bride. Whom when I saw  
Close-banded and with stomach for the fray  
I thus the more exhort them : " Warrior-hearts,  
Dauntless in vain, if your desire be set  
On following one who dares the bitter end ;  
Our fortune's plight how desperate, ye may see :  
Gone are the gods, from shrine and altar fled,  
Ay, one and all, by whom this empire stood :  
The town ye seek to succour is in flames ;

Die we, and plunge into the battle's midst ;  
One safety hath defeat—to hope for none ! ”  
Thus were the warriors' souls to frenzy wrought.  
Then like to ravening wolves in a black mist,  
Whose belly-rage unbridled drives them forth  
To grope for prey—their cubs left lone the while  
With droughty jaws await them—on we press  
Through darts, through foes, to no uncertain doom,  
Thriding the city's midst : night's ebon wings  
Float round us with their overarching shade.  
Who could unfold the havoc of that night,  
Tell o'er the slain, or match our teen with tears ?  
Stoops to her fall our ancient city, she  
The empress of the ages. Through her streets  
And homes, and hallowed thresholds of the gods,  
Heap upon heap the dead lie strewn and stark ;  
Nor Teucrians only pay the bloody debt ;  
Sometimes, though vanquished, to their heart returns  
Valour, and down the conquering Danai go.  
Look where you will, heart-rending agony  
And panic reign, and many a shape of death.  
‘ First to confront us, with a mighty band  
Of Danai backed, behold Androgeos,  
Who, all unconscious, taking foes for friends,  
Thus as a comrade hails us : “ Haste, my men !  
What laggard sloth retards you ? others, see !  
Amid her flames are plundering Pergamus,  
While ye from your tall ships are newly come.”  
He said, and, greeted with no sure reply,

Felt in a moment fallen amid foes.  
Staggered, both foot and voice he backward drew.  
As one, who, struggling with rough briars, hath trod  
At unawares a serpent underfoot,  
Starts back in sudden terror, as it rears  
Its wrath on high, and puffs a purple throat,  
Not otherwise, confounded at the sight,  
Androgeos was retreating. On we rush,  
With serried arms enclose them, and on ground  
They knew not, and with terror ta'en aback,  
Slay them on every side. So fortune's breath  
Fans our first effort. Here Coræbus cries,  
Waxed jubilant with courage and success :  
"Where fortune at the outset, comrades mine,  
With such clear signs of friendship points the path,  
Be ours to follow : change we shields and don  
The Danaan emblems. Craft or prowess, which,  
Who cares to ask in dealing with a foe ?  
Themselves shall furnish us with arms." So saying,  
The plumèd helmet of Androgeos  
He next puts on, with buckler blazoned fair,  
And girds an Argive sword upon his thigh.  
The like does Rhipeus, ay and Dymas too,  
And all our youth exulting ; every man  
Arms him from out the recent spoil ; then on  
We press, commingling with the Danaan ranks,  
Led by no gods of ours, and hand to hand  
Through the blind night wage many a battle-bout  
Send many Danaans to the shades below.



This way and that they fly, some to the ships,  
And seek at headlong speed the trusty shore ;  
Some clambering up the monster-horse again,  
Vile dastards, hide them in the well-known womb.  
Ah ! not for men to trust, if gods be loth !  
See where, with locks that stream upon the wind,  
Maiden Cassandra, Priam's daughter, comes ;  
Vainly to heaven her burning eyes she casts—  
Eyes, for her tender hands are locked in chains.  
This sight Corœbus brooked not ; mad with rage  
He hurled him on their very midst, to die.  
All follow, and in close array rush on.  
Here first from the high temple's top o'erwhelmed  
With friendly darts, most piteous slaughter falls  
Upon us, through the aspect of our arms,  
And lying semblance of our Grecian crests.  
Then too the Danai, with a groan of wrath  
For the maid's rescue, mustering from all sides,  
Fall on—impetuous Ajax, and the twin  
Atridæ, and all the host of Dolopes ;  
E'en as at times, when a tornado bursts,  
Winds meet in shock of battle, West, and South,  
And East exulting in his orient steeds ;  
The forest creaks, and Nereus, all a-foam,  
Storms with his trident, from its lowest depth  
Upchurning all the ocean. Such beside  
As through the darkness in the gloom of night  
We routed by our stratagem, and chased  
The city's length, appear, and first are they

Our shields and lying weapons to discern,  
And mark the incongruous accent of our tongues.  
Straightway we are outnumbered and o'erwhelmed ;  
And first Corcebus at the altar-steps  
Slain of the warrior-goddess, by thy hand,  
Peneleos, bites the dust : then Rhipeus falls,  
Of all the Teucrians foremost without peer  
For justice and fast-cleaving to the right :  
The gods ruled otherwise : next, pierced by friends,  
Both Hypanis and Dymas are laid low ;  
Nor all thy goodness, Pantheus, no, nor did  
Apollo's fillet shield thee in thy fall.  
Ashes of Ilium, and ye funeral-fires  
Of my lost friends, witness, when ye went down,  
I shunned no Danaan missiles, and no chance  
Of blow for blow, that, had fate willed my fall,  
This arm had earned it. Sundered from the rest  
With me are Iphitus and Pelias,  
Iphitus age-encumbered, Pelias  
Sore-wounded by Ulysses. Straight we hie  
Toward Priam's palace, by the shouting led.  
But here a giant conflict we behold,  
As warring else were nowhere, none beside  
Dying the city through ; so stubborn raged  
The war-god, while the Danaï roofward rush,  
And the shield-tortoise driven besets the door.  
Close cleave their ladders to the walls, and nigh  
The very entrance up the rungs they press,  
With left hands shielded intercept the darts,

And with the right clutch fast the battlements.  
Meanwhile the Dardans see ! upwrench amain  
Turret and roofing-tile ; with these for darts,  
Seeing the end, in death's extremity,  
They stand on their defence ; some topple down  
August ancestral splendours—gilded beams ;  
Others with drawn blades block the doors below,  
And guard them densely massed ; fresh heart I take  
To aid the palace, ease with help our men,  
And add new vigour to the vanquishèd.

‘ There was an entrance, a blind door that led  
From hall to hall of Priam, posternwise  
Left rearward of the palace, by the which  
While yet the empire stood, Andromache,  
Poor heart ! would ofttimes unattended seek  
Her royal kinfolk, to his grandsire's knee,  
Dragging her little son Astyanax.  
Mounting, I gain the summit of the pile,  
From whence the wretched Teucrians were hurling  
Their ineffectual darts. A turret stands  
On the sheer edge, with its high pinnacle  
Reared to the stars, whence Troy would oft be viewed,  
The Danaan ships too, and the Achæan camp :  
This, armed with tools, assail we round about,  
Where the high floor-joists lend a tottering hold,  
And from its deep bed wrench, and hurl it : lo !  
Suddenly with a crash down, down it goes,  
Trailing wide havoc on the Danaan ranks :  
But up come others, and meanwhile the storm

Of stones and motley missiles knows no stay.  
Hard on the threshold, by the very door,  
Pyrrhus exults, flashing in armèd sheen :  
As when a serpent fed on poisonous weeds,  
By winter-frosts kept swollen underground,  
Fresh from the shedding of his slough, with youth  
New-burnished, rolls his slippery length to light,  
And, sunward towering with uplifted breast,  
Flickers the three-forked lightning of his tongue.  
With him huge Periphas, and Automedon,  
Achilles' charioteer, who bare his arms,  
And all the flower of Scyros, storm the walls,  
And at the roof fling fire. In front of all,  
Gripping a two-edged axe, himself is there,  
Bursting the tough doors through, and from their hinge  
The brass-bound valves divorcing : see ! e'en now  
He has hewn a beam out, scooped the stubborn oak,  
And made a monstrous and wide-yawning breach.  
The inner palace and far-lengthening halls  
Ope and lie bare, the secret sanctuary  
Of Priam and the kings of long ago ;  
And standing on the threshold's edge they see  
Arm'd warriors.

‘ But confusion reigns within,  
Wild shrieks and piteous uproar ; far-withdrawn  
The hollow chambers, hark ! with women's plaints  
Are wailing : the cry strikes the golden stars.  
Then through the wide halls trembling matrons stray,  
And, fondly clinging, clasp the doors and kiss.

On presses Pyrrhus with his father's might ;  
Nor barriers, no, nor guards his onset brook ;  
With quick blows of the battering-ram the door  
Totters, the valves fall forward from the hinge :  
Force cleaves a way : the Danaans flooding in  
Burst them a passage, cut the foremost down,  
And fill the wide space with their soldiery.  
Not all so madly doth a foaming flood  
Burst through the barrier of opposing banks  
With conquering swirl, then, raging on an heap,  
O'erride the country, and through all the plain  
Sweep byre and herd before it. I myself  
Saw mad with slaughter Neoptolemus,  
And both the Atreidæ on the threshold ; ay,  
And Hecuba I saw, with her sons' brides  
A hundred, and, along the altar stretched,  
Priam, polluting with his own heart's blood  
The fires himself had consecrated. All  
Those fifty bridal chambers, the rich hope  
Of children's children, portals proudly dight  
With trophies and barbaric gold, lie low ;  
And still the Danai swarm where fails the fire.

‘ Of Priam's fate too haply thou wouldst hear.  
Soon as he saw the city stormed and fallen,  
His palace doors wrenched open, and the foe  
Amid his inmost chambers, the old man  
About his shoulders, palsied now with age,  
Binds, unavailing, long-forgotten arms,  
Then girds him with his helpless sword, and, where

The foe throngs thickest, turns his steps to die.  
Midmost the palace, under heaven's bare vault,  
Stood a huge altar, and a bay-tree near,  
Of immemorial age, drooped over it,  
Embracing in its shade the household gods.  
Here round the unavailing altar-stone,  
Like doves swept headlong by a murky storm,  
Hecuba and her daughters huddling cowered,  
Clasping the sacred images. But when  
Priam she saw in arms of youth arrayed,  
"Ah! my unhappy lord, what thought so dire  
Pricked thee to don this battle-gear?" she cried,  
"And whither bound so hotly? Not for such  
Succour or such defenders craves the time,  
No, not were my own Hector now at hand.  
Enough, withdraw thee hither: all shall be  
Saved by this altar, or thou slain with us."  
So spake she, and drew towards her, and set down  
Her aged lord upon the hallowed seat.

‘But lo! from Pyrrhus’ slaughtering sword escaped,  
Polites, one of Priam’s sons, through darts,  
Through foemen, the long corridors adown  
Comes flying, and traverses the empty court,  
Wounded. Him Pyrrhus with pursuing stroke  
Plies hotly, and all but within his grasp  
Holds even now, and pricks him with his spear:  
Bursting at length upon his parents’ view,  
Before their very eyes prostrate he fell,  
And poured his life out in a rush of blood.

Then Priam, though fast within the net of death,  
Brake all restraint, nor voice, nor passion spared.  
“For crime so shameless may the gods,” he cries,  
“If justice be in heaven such deeds to mark,  
Pay thee due thanks, fair meed requite thee, who  
Hast forced mine own son’s murder on my sight,  
And with his death profaned a father’s eyes :  
But he—thou liest to call thyself his son—  
Achilles, erst with Priam, though a foe,  
Dealt otherwise ; with kindling shame he owned  
A suppliant’s rights and honour, rendered up  
The bloodless corse of Hector for the tomb,  
And sent me to my realm again.” So saying,  
The old man heaved a weak and woundless spear,  
Which, straightway by the clanging brass repelled,  
From the shield’s outer boss-rim harmless hung.  
“Therefore,” said Pyrrhus, “shalt thou bear the news,  
And to my sire the son of Peleus go :  
Look that thou tell him of my sorry deeds,  
And how degenerate Neoptolemus ;  
Now die.” So speaking, to the altar’s self  
He haled him trembling, slipping in a pool  
Of his son’s blood, and, wreathing in the hair  
His left hand, with the right flashed out his sword,  
And plunged it in his body to the hilt.  
Such was the goal of Priam’s destinies ;  
Such end befel him, with his eyes to see  
Troy burnt, and Pergamus to ruin fallen,  
Erewhile o’er many nations, many lands,

The haughty lord of Asia. There he lies  
A vast trunk stretched along the sand, a head  
Shorn from the shoulders, and a nameless corse.

‘ Then first fell horror closed me round ; I stood  
Amazed : uprose the form of my loved sire,  
As I beheld the king, in age his peer,  
Cruelly wounded, gasping out his life.  
Rose to my mind Creüsa too, left lone,  
And my house plundered, and the plight of young  
Iulus. I look back to scan what force  
Is yet around me : one and all worn out  
Have vanished from my side, cast them to earth  
Headlong, or, fainting, dropped into the flames.

‘ Now was I left alone, when I discern  
Clinging to Vesta’s shrine, and silently  
Lurking within her solitary cell,  
The daughter of Tyndareos : the fierce glare  
Of conflagration lends me light to stray,  
And cast my eyes o’er all things, far and near.  
She, with a dread foreboding in her heart  
Of Teucrian hate for Pergamus o’erthrown,  
And Danaan retribution, and the wrath  
Of her forsaken lord—she, common fiend  
Of Troy and her own country, hidden close,  
Couched by the altar from the scorn of men.  
At once my soul caught fire, and rising wrath  
Prompts to avenge my country, and exact  
The wage of wickedness. Shall she forsooth  
Live to see Sparta, and her native town



Mycenæ ? in the triumph she has won  
Walk as a queen, and with her eyes behold  
Husband and home, her parents and her sons,  
Thronged round with Ilian women, and a train  
Of Phrygian bondsmen ? What ! with Priam slain,  
Troy burnt to ashes, and the Dardan shore  
Bedewed so often with the sweat of blood !  
Not so : albeit no memorable name  
By woman's death be won, nor triumph yield  
Such victory, yet to have wiped out a pest,  
Wreaked worthy punishment shall be my praise,  
My joy to surfeit in avenging fire,  
And to have slaked the ashes of my friends.  
Such words outflinging, and by rage of heart  
Transported, sudden to my sight is borne,  
Never till now so dazzling to behold,  
And in pure radiance beaming through the night,  
My gentle mother—goddess undisguised—  
Such and so stately as her form appears  
To sons of heaven : she held me by the hand,  
And thus, moreover, spake with rosy lips.  
“ Son, what fierce anguish in thy bosom stirs  
Ungovernable wrath ? why ragest thou ?  
Thy care for me fled whither ? Wilt thou not  
See first where thou hast left thine age-worn sire  
Anchises, whether still survive thy wife  
Creüsa, and Ascanius thy child ?  
Whom all ere this, encompassed every side  
By prowling Greeks, did not my care prevent,

Or flames had snatched, or foeman's sword devoured.  
Think not it is the hated face of her,  
The Spartan daughter of Tyndarcos,  
No, nor much blamed Paris, but the gods,  
The gods, whose unrelenting hate o'erturns  
This empire, and Troy's loftiness brings low.  
Look—for the cloud which, o'er thy vision drawn,  
Dulls mortal sight, and spreads a misty murk,  
I will snatch from thee utterly : but thou  
Fear not thy mother's bidding, nor refuse  
Her hests to hearken—here where thou but seest  
Huge shattered fragments and stone rent from stone,  
And dust and smoke blent in one surging sea,  
Neptune with his vast trident shakes the walls,  
And heaves the deep foundations, from her bed  
O'ertoppling all the city. Juno here  
Storms at the entrance of the Scæan gate,  
Implacable, and raging, sword on thigh,  
Summons her armed confederates from the ships.  
Now backward glance, and on the embattled height  
Already see Tritonian Pallas throned,  
Flashing with storm-cloud and with Gorgon fell.  
The Sire himself each Danaan heart imbues  
With courage and victorious might ; himself  
Against our Dardan power stirs up the gods.  
Son, snatch at flight, and let thine efforts end :  
Nowhere will I forsake, until I set thee  
Safe on thy father's threshold." She had said  
And vanished in thick shadows of the night.

Dread forms appear, and mighty potentates  
Of heaven, that warred with Troy.

‘Ah ! then mine eyes

Beheld all Ilium settling into flame,  
Troy, Neptune’s city, from her base o’erthrown ;  
As some hoar ash-tree on the mountain-tops,  
Which eager husbandmen in haste to fell  
Hack at with steel and showering axe-strokes, it  
Threatens and ever threatens, and nods on  
With quaking foliage, rocking crest, until,  
Little by little, ’neath the wounds o’erpowered,  
One dying groan it utters, and falls stretched  
Along the hillside, a root-severed wreck.

I get me down, and with the god to guide  
Through fire and foes win unimpeded way ;  
Weapons give place to me, and flames retire.

‘So when at last my father’s door was gained,  
And the old home, my sire, whom first I seek—  
My first thought now to bear him to the hills—  
Refuses to live on, Troy laid in dust,  
Or stoop to exile. “Ye, whose blood,” he cried,  
“Hath yet youth’s freshness, and whose strength  
stands whole

In native vigour, do ye speed your flight ;  
Me had the high gods destined to survive,  
They would have spared my home. Enough and more  
That I have seen one downfall, and outlived  
The capture of our city : here c’en here  
Lay out my body, and bid farewell, and go.

This hand shall find out death ; the foe will take  
Pity on me, and hunger for my spoil.  
Light is the loss of burial. Long ago  
Hateful to heaven and useless, I drag on  
My lingering days, e'er since the sire of gods  
And king of men breathed on me with the blast  
Of his wing'd bolt, and touched me with his fire."

‘ So spake he, and stood firm, persisting ; we,  
My wife Creüsa, and Ascanius,  
And the whole house, poured forth in tears, beseech  
him

Not to whelm all in his own ruin, nor add  
Weight to the push of doom : he spurns our prayer,  
Stands rooted to his purpose and the spot.  
Once more I turn to arms, and long for death  
To end my misery ; for what counsel now,  
What fortune was vouchsafed me ? “ Didst thou think  
That I could leave thee, sire, and go my way ?  
Fell word so monstrous from a father’s lips ?  
If it be writ in heaven that naught remain  
Of all this city, and thy fixed purpose hold,  
So fain to heap upon Troy’s funeral-pyre  
Thyself and thine, death opes thee wide the door ;  
And, fresh from bathing in the blood of Priam,  
Soon Pyrrhus will be here, who butchers son  
In face of sire, and sire at altar-side.  
For this then, gentle mother, did thy hand  
Pluck me from sword and flame, that I might see  
The foe upon my hearth-stone, see my sire,

Ascanius and Creüsa at his side,  
Slaughtered and weltering in each other's blood ?  
Arms, arms, my men ! their last reveillé calls  
The vanquished. To the Danaï give me back :  
Let me revisit and renew the fight :  
Ne'er shall we all die unavenged to-day."

' Therewith once more I gird my sword on, brace  
And fit my left arm to the shield, and forth  
Was hurrying from the house, when lo ! my wife  
Clasping my feet upon the threshold clung,  
Stretched forth the young Iulus to his sire.  
" If bound for death, speed us with thee through all ;  
But if past effort teach thee still to place  
Some hope in arms, then first defend our home.  
Bethink thee to whose hand thou leavest us,  
Thy sire, and young Iulus, and myself,  
Once called thy wife." So loudly pleading she  
Filled all the house with moans, when lo ! there falls  
A sudden portent marvellous to tell !  
For, as betwixt their gaze and their embrace  
His sorrowing parents hold him, on the crown  
See ! of Iulus' head a tongue of fire  
Light-hovering shone, and, harmless to the touch  
Licked his soft locks, and round his temples fed  
We in a flutter of alarm shake out  
The blazing hair, and with spring water strive  
To quench the sacred flame ; but joyfully  
My sire Anchises with a starward gaze  
Lifted his voice and upturned hands to heaven.

“ Almighty Jupiter, if any prayer  
Can bend thee, look upon us ; only this ;  
And, if our goodness earn it, Sire, henceforth  
Grant us thine aid, and ratify this sign.”  
Scarce had the old man spoken, when there pealed  
A sudden crash of thunder on the left ;  
And, gliding through the darkness from on high,  
Shot with a torch-like trail of rushing light  
A star ; we mark it o’er the roof-top glide,  
A clear-cut path behind it, and at length  
Bury its brightness beneath Ida’s wood :  
Then lo ! a long-drawn furrow-line of light !  
And o’er the region hangs a sulphurous smoke.  
Conquered at last my sire uplifts his head,  
Invokes the gods, adores the sacred star.  
“ Up, up ! no tarriance more ! I follow, and where  
Ye lead, am with you. Gods, that guard our land,  
Preserve my house, preserve my grandchild : yours  
This omen, in your holy keeping Troy.  
Son, I submit, content with thee to go.”

‘ He said ; and through the streets more loudly now  
Is heard the fire, and nearer roll the tides  
Of conflagration. “ Come then, father mine,  
Mount thee upon my neck ; these shoulders, see !  
Shall bear thee up, nor feel that task a toil.  
Come what come may, one peril both shall share,  
Or one deliverance. Hand in hand with me  
Let walk the child, Iulus, and my wife  
Follow our footsteps from afar. And ye,

Servants, be mindful ; heed what I shall say.  
Quitting the city to a mound ye come  
And ancient fane of Ceres in the waste :  
Hard by, an aged cypress, by our sires  
With holy awe regarded years on years.  
To this one goal by divers tracks we'll come.  
Father, do thou the sacred emblems take,  
Our country's household gods, within thy hand :  
Fresh from the slaughter of so fierce a strife,  
For me 'twere sin to touch them, till I wash  
Me clean in running water." So I spake  
And, over my broad shoulders and bowed neck  
Donning for robe a tawny lion's hide,  
Stoop to the burden ; twines his hand in mine  
The child Iulus, with unequal steps  
Following his sire : my wife comes on behind.  
Forth fare we through the shady ways, and me  
Whom erst no showering missiles could make blench,  
Nor banded Greeks in hostile ranks arrayed,  
Now every breeze affrights, and every sound  
Startles, so tremulous am I, at once  
Fearful for my companion and my load.

‘ And now, nearing the gates, the journey's length  
Methought I had o'erpast, when suddenly  
A sound of hurrying footsteps to mine ear  
Seemed borne, and, peering through the dark, my sire  
Exclaims : “ They are upon us ; fly, son, fly !  
I see their glowing shields and glittering arms.”  
Then, in the scare, some Power that loved me not

Snatched my bewildered sense. For as I thrid  
Untrodden paths, the wonted track forego,  
Alas! my wife Creüsa, now by fate  
Torn from me, to my sorrow, either stopped,  
Or missed her way, or weary sat her down—  
I know not—to our eyes restored no more.  
Nor did I once look back to learn my loss,  
Nor turn my thoughts upon her, till we reached  
The mound of ancient Ceres, and her shrine.  
Then, then, of all our gathered forces, she  
Alone was wanting to the way-fellows,  
Slipped from the sight of husband and of son.  
Whom in my frenzy did I not upbraid  
Of men and gods? Or what more cruel hap  
Saw in the falling city? Ascanius,  
My sire Anchises, and Troy's household gods  
I give into my comrades' care, and lodge  
Safe in the winding vale, then seek once more  
The city, and gird me in my glittering arms,  
Steadfast to re-encounter every risk,  
All Troy retrace, and expose my life  
Anew to every peril. I repair  
First to the walls, and that dark portal, whence  
My feet had issued, trace and follow back  
Each step in the dark, and scan with searching eye.  
The horror round, the very silence too  
Scares me; then home I turn, if haply—ah!  
If thither haply she had bent her steps.  
The Danaï had rushed in, filled all the house.  
Speed's the devouring fire before the wind,



Rolled to the roof-top ; now the flames outsoar it ;  
The billowy heat goes raging up to heaven.  
Thence I pass onward, and cast eyes again  
On Priam's palace and the citadel.  
E'en now within the empty corridors  
Of Juno's sanctuary, as chosen guards,  
Phœnix and dread Ulysses watch the spoil.  
Hereinto gathered from her burning shrines,  
Troy's plundered treasure—tables of the gods,  
Cups all of gold, and captive raiment, lie  
Massed in a heap. About it in long line  
Stand boys and trembling matrons. Nay, I dared  
Even to launch my shouts into the dark,  
Making the streets re-echo, as I called  
" Creüsa " and " Creüsa," cry on cry,  
With mournful iteration, but in vain.  
Searching the city thus from house to house,  
And raving without end, the hapless shade  
And spectre of Creüsa's self appeared  
Before me, statelier than the form I knew.  
I stood aghast ; my hair rose, and the voice  
Stuck in my throat. Then thus, methought, she spake,  
And with such words allayed my trouble : " Why  
To frantic sorrow give such wanton way,  
O my sweet lord ? Without the nod of Heaven  
These things befall not ; at thy side to bear  
Creüsa hence—nor fate decrees, nor he  
The lord of high Olympus suffers it.  
Lo ! exile long awaits thee, and to cleave  
A vast expanse of ocean : then shalt thou

Arrive Hesperia, where with gentle march,  
Through their rich fields the Lydian Tiber flows.  
High fortune here, a throne, a royal bride,  
The Fates assign thee. Banish now thy tears  
For loved Creüsa : I shall never look  
Upon the proud homes of the Myrmidons  
Or Dolopes, ne'er go to be the slave  
Of Grecian dames, a Dardan woman I,  
Wed to the son of Venus the divine.  
But me the mighty mother of the gods  
Holds on this shore. And now adieu ! Guard well  
The love we cherished for thy child and mine."  
So saying, she left me weeping, yearning sore  
To speak, and vanished into empty air.  
Thrice, as she stood, my arms I would have flung  
About her neck, and thrice my baffled hands  
Closed upon nothing, and a form that fled,  
Like to light breezes, one with wingèd sleep.  
So passed the night, and so at length I turn  
Back to my friends, and here with wonder find  
New comrades, a vast concourse, matrons, men,  
An army massed for exile—piteous throng !—  
From all sides gathered, armed in heart and gear,  
Where'er I list to lead them over sea.  
And now o'er Ida's topmost ridge the star  
Of dawn was rising, bringing back the day :  
The Danaans had beset and held the gates,  
Nor hope of help was offered : I gave o'er,  
Took up my sire, and for the mountains made.'

## BOOK III

*ÆNEID III*

‘When Asia’s realm and Priam’s guiltless race  
The high gods doomed to overthrow, when fell  
Proud Ilium, and all Neptune’s city Troy  
In dust lies smoking, we are driven to seek  
By auguries from heaven far outland homes  
And lands unpeopled, and a fleet we build  
Close underneath Antandros and the heights  
Of Phrygian Ida, doubtful whither fate  
Dooms us to journey, where vouchsafes to stay ;  
And men we muster. Scarce had summer dawned  
When, as my sire Anchises now bade hoist  
Sail to the breath of fate, with tears I quit  
My native shores, the harbours, and the plains  
Where once was Troy. An exile forth I fare  
Upon the deep with comrades and with son,  
My hearth’s Penates, and the mighty gods.

‘There lies a land afar with widespread plains  
Dear to the war-god, which the Thracians till,  
Once swayed by fierce Lycurgus, from of old  
With hospitable hearth-ties knit to Troy,

While yet her fortune stood. Hither I sail,  
And, with fate frowning on my first essay,  
Upon the winding shore trace city walls,  
And, from my own name, name them Æneadæ.

‘Unto Dione’s child, my mother, I,  
And to the gods, was doing sacrifice,  
As prosperers of our toil, to heaven’s high king  
Slaughtering a sleek bull on the shore : hard by  
A hillock stood with cornel-coppice crowned,  
And myrtles bristling thick with spear-shaft wands.  
Approaching, by main force I strove to pluck  
The greenwood from the ground, that I might deck  
With leafy boughs the altar, when a sight  
Portentous meets my gaze, and strange to tell.  
For from the first tree, torn with severed roots  
From out the soil, trickle black gout of blood,  
That stain the earth with gore. My limbs quake  
chilled

With horror, and cold fear congeals my blood.  
A second stubborn wand once more I turn  
To pluck me, and probe deep the hidden cause ;  
And black blood follows from the bark once more.  
Much pondering in my heart, I ’gan to pray  
The wood-nymphs and Gradivus, too, my sire,  
Guardian of Getic land, to prosper well  
The vision, and make light the omen ; but,  
When for the third time, and with mightier heft,  
The spear-wands I assail, and tug and strain  
With bent knees ’gainst the opposing sand—should I

Speak or be silent? from the mound's recess  
A piteous groan is heard, and to mine ears  
An answer borne: "Why rendest thou a wretch  
Like me, Æneas? At last within my grave  
Spare me, and spare those righteous hands to stain.  
Troy-born am I, no alien to thee,  
Nor from a mere log flow these blood-drops: ah!  
Fly, fly the ruthless land, the shore of greed;  
For I am Polydorus, here transfixed  
And overwhelmed by crop of iron spears  
With pointed pikes upspringing." Then, indeed,  
Quelled with distracting fear I stood amazed:  
My hair rose, and the voice stuck in my throat.

' This Polydorus, with vast weight of gold,  
Unhappy Priam erst had secretly  
To care of Thracia's king consigned, when now  
Misdoubting of the Dardan arms, he saw  
His city girdled by the leaguers' ring.  
But Teuceria's power once crushed, her fortune fled,  
The Thracian, following the victorious arms  
And star of Agamemnon, snaps all ties  
Of honour, and, Polydorus done to death,  
Lays his rude gripe upon the gold. To what  
Drivest thou not man's heart, O lust of gold  
Accursed? When the trembling left my frame,  
To chosen heads of the people I recount—  
My sire in chief—the portents of the gods,  
Demand their judgment. All are of one mind  
To quit the land of crime, fly friendship stained,

And give our fleet the south wind. So we pay  
The rites of death to Polydorus, heap  
A huge mound o'er him : altars to his shade  
Sad with blue fillets and black cypress stand,  
And round them, with locks loosed in wonted wise,  
The Ilian women : cups of milk a-foam  
Yet warm, and bowls of consecrated blood  
We offer, and lay the spirit in the tomb,  
And with loud voices raise the farewell cry.

' Soon as the deep gave promise fair, and winds  
Had lulled the main, and Auster soughing low  
Gave seaward summons, to the beach my crews  
Haul down the ships, and throng the shore. Then  
forth

From harbour fare we ; lands and cities fade.  
In the mid main a sacred home there lies,  
Unto the mother of the Nereids none,  
Or to Ægean Neptune, dearer : this  
Once round the shores and sea-rims wandering  
With filial love the Bearer of the bow  
To Myconos high-cragged and Gyarus bound,  
And steadfast planting taught to laugh at storms.  
Hither I sail ; a safe port's halcyon calm  
Here greets the weary crews ; to land we leap,  
Worship Apollo's town. King Anius—  
King among men, and priest of Phœbus too—  
Brow-bound with fillets and the sacred bay,  
Speeds towards us ; in Anchises an old friend  
He knows : so, clasping hospitable hands,

His roof we enter.

‘ I was worshipping  
The antique stone-built temple of the god :  
“ Give us a home that shall be ours, O lord  
Of Thymbra ; ramparts to the way-worn give,  
A breed of sons, a lasting city : keep  
Unscathed Troy’s second bulwark, what remains  
’Scaped from the Danaï and Achilles fell.  
Whom must we follow ? whither bid’st us go ?  
Where fix our habitation ? Father, grant  
A sign from heaven, and sink into our souls.”

‘ Scarce had I spoke when suddenly meseemed  
All things ’gan tremble, doors and sacred bay ;  
And the whole mountain moves ; the shrine flies ope,  
The caldron rumbles. Prone to earth we fall,  
While to our ears is borne a voice : “ O sons  
Of Dardanus long-suffering, that same land,  
Which bare you first from your ancestral stem,  
Shall to her fertile bosom welcome back :  
Seek out your ancient mother ; there shall reign  
The house of Æneas o’er the world’s wide shores,  
And his sons’ sons, and all their seed to be.”  
So Phœbus : and a mighty joy arose  
Confused, tumultuous ; with one voice they cry,  
“ What is this city whither Phœbus now  
Summons the wanderers, bids them to return ? ”  
Then, pondering records of the men of old,  
Thus spake my sire : “ Harken, ye lords of Troy,  
And learn what hopes are yours : amidst the main

Lies Crete, of mighty Jove the island, where  
Mount Ida, and where the cradle of our race ;  
A hundred mighty towns folk dwell in there,  
A realm most fertile, whence our earliest sire  
Teucer, if rightly I recall the tale,  
Was wafted first to the Rhœtean shore,  
And chose a site for sovereignty ; as yet  
Nor Ilium nor the towers of Pergamus  
Had stood : men dwelt in the low valleys ; hence  
The mother, haunter of Mount Cybele,  
The Corybantian cymbals, Ida's grove ;  
Hence the close secret of her rites, and those  
Yoked lions harnessed to her queenly car.  
Up therefore ! hie we where Heaven's bidding leads,  
Appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian realm :  
Nor is 't a long run thither ; Jove to aid,  
The third dawn lands us on the Cretan shore."  
So saying, due offerings at the shrine he slays,  
A bull for Neptune, a bull too for thee,  
O fair Apollo, a lamb black for storm,  
White for the favouring Zephyrs.

‘ Rumour flies

That Prince Idomeneus, a banished man,  
Hath quit his father's realm, the shores of Crete  
Abandoned, that her hearths are void of foes,  
Homes empty for our advent. Straight we leave  
Ortygia's harbour, and o'er ocean fly,  
Past Naxos with her Bacchant-haunted heights,  
And green Donysa, past Olearos,



And snowy Paros, and the Cyclades  
Sprent o'er the main, and we thrud seas that race  
By crowded islands : high the seamen's shout  
Rises amid their changeful toil : the crews  
Bid make for Crete and for our sires : a breeze  
Springing astern conveys us, and at length  
To the Curetes' ancient shores we glide.  
So eagerly my chosen city's walls  
I 'gin to build, Pergamea calling it,  
And bid my people glorying in the name  
Cleave to their hearths, and rear a roofed hold.  
Scarce were the ships hauled dry ashore, the youth  
Busied with marriage and new fields to till—  
I laws and homes assigning—when there fell  
Upon men's limbs from heaven's infected arch  
A sudden wasting, and on trees and crops  
Piteous contagion—a year fraught with death.  
They left their pleasant lives, or dragged about  
Sick bodies ; Sirius too baked bare the fields ;  
Grass withered ; the sick crop denied her food.  
Back to Ortygia's oracle my sire  
Bids us retrace Ocean, and implore  
The grace of Phœbus ; to our weary plight  
What end vouchsafes he, whence would have us seek  
Aid for our trouble, whither steer our course ?  
    'Twas night : sleep held all creatures upon earth,  
When lo ! the sacred emblems of the gods  
The Phrygian Penates, out of Troy  
Borne with me from amidst the blazing town

Seemed, as I lay in slumber, to stand forth  
Before mine eyes, clear in a flood of light,  
Where streamed the full moon through the casement-  
shaft,

Then thus to address me, and allay my pain  
With words like these : " What yonder should be told  
thee

Arrived Ortygia, from Apollo's lips,  
Lo ! here he utters, unsolicited  
Sending us to thy very threshold, we,  
Who from Dardania's burning have thyself  
And thine arms followed, in the fleet thou leddest  
Crossing the swollen deep—even we no less  
Will lift to heaven thy sons that shall be born,  
Grant empire to thy city. But do thou  
Found mighty ramparts for the mighty, nor  
Shirk the long toil of flight. Shift hence thy home :  
Not these the shores portended, nor in Crete  
Doth Delian Apollo bid thee dwell.

There is a spot by Greeks Hesperia named,  
A land of old, mighty in arms, in soil  
Prolific, which the Ænotrian heroes tilled,  
Now by a later race called Italy,  
If rumour lie not, from their leader's name.  
There is our sure home ; hence sprang Dardanus,  
And sire Iasius, founder of our race.  
Arise, be glad, and to thy father old  
Bear this no doubtful mandate, that he seek  
Corythus and Ausonia's land ; the fields

Of Dicte Jove denies thee !” Sore amazed  
By such a vision and the voice of gods—  
Nor was that slumber : face to face I seemed  
Their mien, their wreathèd locks to recognise,  
And their divine regard, while a chill sweat  
Over my whole frame ran—from bed I hurl me,  
And raising voice and upturned hands to heaven,  
Pour unpolluted offerings on the hearth.  
That homage paid, exulting I make known  
All to Anchises, point by point revealed.  
The twofold line, the double stock, himself  
Fooled by a new confusion of old lands,  
He owns, then cries aloud, “ Son, long the sport  
Of Ilium’s fate, Cassandra erst alone  
Chanted this hap to me : I now recall  
She thus foretold our destiny, and oft  
Invoked Hesperia, oft the Italian realm.  
But that the Teucrians to Hesperia’s shore  
Should come indeed, who could have thought it ? whom  
Then would Cassandra’s prophecies have swayed ?  
Yield we to Phœbus’ warning, and pursue  
The wiser course.” He spake, and all with joy  
His word obey ; this second home we quit,  
Leaving some few behind, and with sails set  
Scour the waste ocean in our hollow bark.

‘ Soon as our galleys gained the open deep,  
And now no longer land appeared, but lo !  
Ocean on all sides, and on all sides sky,  
Then stood a dark-blue storm-cloud o’er my head

Laden with night and tempest, and the wave  
Shuddered beneath the gloom. At once the winds  
Roll up the sea, and mighty billows rise :  
Scattered, we toss upon the weltering waste :  
Clouds wrapped the daylight, dank night stole the sky,  
And fire burst through the welkin, flash on flash.  
We are hurled out of our course, and wander on  
O'er the blind waters. Palinurus even  
Vows he discerns not day from night in heaven,  
Nor in mid-wave can mind him of the track.  
For three full days dim with blind mist we drift  
Upon the deep, as many starless nights.  
On the fourth day at length land first was seen  
To crown the horizon, opening out afar  
Mountains and wreathèd smoke. Down drop the sails,  
We rise upon our oars ; with eager strain  
The seamen churn the foam, and sweep the blue.

‘Saved from the waves, me first the Strophad shores  
Receive ; the Strophades—their Grecian name—  
Lie in the great Ionian, island-haunts  
Of fell Celæno and her Harpy crew,  
Since Phineus’ door closed on them, and they fled  
Scared from their former board. More foul than they  
No portent, and no fiercer plague or wrath  
Of heaven e’er rose from out the Stygian wave,  
Birds maiden-faced, their belly’s excrement  
Most noisome, and with hookèd hands and cheeks  
Blanched with eternal famine

Hither then

Borne safe, and entering harbour, lo ! we spy  
Rich herds of oxen scattered o'er the plain,  
And flocks too of the goat-tribe on the grass  
Untended ; we rush on them with the sword,  
And call upon the gods and Jove himself  
To share and spoil, then on the winding shore  
Pile couches up, and feast on the rich fare.  
But sudden from the hills with fearful swoop  
The Harpies are upon us, and clap loud  
Their hurtling wings, and snatch the food away,  
Polluting all things with their filthy touch ;  
Fearful at once their cry, and foul their smell.  
In deep recess beneath a hollow rock,  
Curtained with trees and bristling shade, once more  
We lay the board, renew the altar-fires :  
When from a diverse point of heaven once more  
Out of some hidden lair the clamorous rout  
Come winging round the prey with hookèd feet,  
And taint the food with tasting. Then I charge  
My comrades seize their weapons and make war  
On the fell brood. As bidden, they do, range swords  
In the grass-covert, and hide shields from sight.  
So when along the winding shore their swoop  
Sounded, Misenus from his lofty watch  
With hollow brass gives warning : to the assault  
My comrades rush, and a strange warfare try—  
To harry with the sword these ominous birds  
Of ocean. But their feathers take no hurt,  
Their flesh no wound, and, soaring swift on high,

They leave behind them the half-eaten prey  
And their foul traces. One, Celæno, perched  
On a tall crag, ill-boding prophetess,  
Bursts into words like these : " So, is it war  
For our kine slaughtered and our bullocks felled,  
Sons of Laomedon—war, ye would wage  
Against us, and the blameless Harpies drive  
Forth from their father's realm? Take then to heart  
My words, and write them there : what prophecies  
The Sire Omnipotent taught Phœbus once,  
Phœbus Apollo me, I, mightiest  
Of Furies, now make known to you : the goal  
Ye seek is Italy ; to Italy,  
The winds invoking, shall ye come, be free  
Her ports to enter : but your destined town  
With walls ye shall not gird, till famine dire  
And your outrageous onslaught upon us  
Drive you to gnaw your tables and devour."  
She spake, and to the forest winged her way.  
As for my comrades, a quick chill of fear  
Curdled the blood within them ; their hearts fell ;  
No more with arms, but vows and prayers they now  
Bid sue for grace, or be they goddesses,  
Or dread ill-omened birds : ay, and my sire  
Anchises from the shore with outspread hands  
Calls on the mighty ones of heaven, proclaims  
Due sacrifice : " Ye gods, avert their threats,  
Such evil hap fend, and with your peace  
Preserve the good.' Then bids he rend away

The rope from shore, uncoil and ease the sheets.  
The south winds stretch our canvas : fast we fly  
Over the foaming waters, borne along  
As wind and helmsman summoned. Now appears  
In the sea's midst Zacynthus and her woods,  
Dulichium, Samë, and the towering cliffs  
Of Neritos ; we hurry by the rocks  
Of Ithaca, Laertes' realm, and curse  
The land that gave to fell Ulysses birth.  
Soon too Leucate's stormy peaks, and lo !  
Apollo, feared of seamen, heaves in sight :  
Weary, for him we make, and enter so  
The little town : our anchor from the prow  
Is cast, the sterns stand ranged along the shore.  
So beyond hope at length achieving land,  
To Jove we purify us, with our vows  
Kindling the altar, and crowd Actium's shore  
With Ilian games : my comrades strip, and ply,  
All smooth with oil, their native wrestling-bouts,  
Glad to have 'scaped so many Argive towns,  
And through the midst of foes our flight pursued.  
Meanwhile the sun rolls round the mighty year,  
And winter's icy north winds fret the sea.  
A shield of hollow brass, great Abas erst  
Had wielded, on the portals' front I fix,  
And with this line commemorate the deed :—  
“ Æneas' spoil, from Danaan conquerors won,”  
Then bid them quit the harbour, man the thwarts.  
With eager zeal my comrades lash the sea,

And sweep the watery floor. Anon we let  
Phæacia's airy summits drop from view,  
And skirt Epirus' shore, till entering  
The harbour of Chaonia, we draw nigh  
Buthrotum's high-built city. Here a tale  
Of things incredible assails our ears,  
That Helenus, Priam's son, was reigning now  
O'er Grecian cities, master of the bride  
And crown of Pyrrhus, son of Æacus,  
And that Andromache had thus once more  
Passed to a lord of her own race. Amazed  
I stood, and my heart burned with strange desire  
To accost the hero, from his lips to learn  
Fortunes so strange. On from the port I fare,  
Leave fleet and shore behind me, when it chanced  
That nigh the city, in a grove, where flowed  
A mimic Simois, Andromache  
Her yearly feast was offering, gifts of grief,  
Unto the ashes, summoning the shade  
To Hector's tomb, which with green turf, though void,  
She had hallowed, and twin altars, where to weep.  
Soon as her wildered eyes beheld me coming,  
With Trojan arms about me, scared at such  
A portent, her limbs stiffen in mid gaze,  
Warmth left her frame, she swoons, and scarce at length  
Breaks the long silence: "Is 't thy very face?  
Com'st thou indeed with tidings, goddess-born,  
A living man? or if the genial light  
Hath faded from thee, where is Hector?" So



With showers of tears she spake, and all the place  
Filled with her shrieking. To that passionate cry  
Scarce can I frame brief answer, and, much moved,  
Gasp out in faltering accents : “ I indeed  
Live, and my life through all extremes drag on :  
Doubt not, thine eyes see truly : ah ! what chance  
Hurled from that height of wedded love receives thee,  
What fortune worthy of her past hath found  
Hector’s Andromache ? art still the wife  
Of Pyrrhus ? ” With downcast eyes and bated breath  
She spake : “ O blest beyond all women else  
The maiden child of Priam, bidden to die  
’Neath Troy’s tall ramparts, at the foeman’s tomb,  
She who ne’er brooked the casting of the lot,  
Nor, captive, touched a conquering master’s bed !  
We, our home burnt, o’er distant oceans borne,  
Have from Achilles’ heir endured the pride  
Of youthful insolence, borne him a son  
In slavery : he, wooing afterward  
Leda’s Hermione, and nuptial ties  
With Lacedæmon, me to Helenus,  
Bondmaid to bondsman did consign. But him  
Orestes, with fierce love for his stol’n bride  
Fired, and still goaded by the fiends of crime,  
At his ancestral altars unaware,  
Waylaid and slaughtered. Neoptolemus  
Thus dying, a portion of the realm he swayed  
Passed o’er to Helenus, who called the fields  
Chaonian, and Chaonia all the land,

From Trojan Chaon, and topped the heights with this  
New Pergamus and Ilian citadel.

But thou—what winds, what fates have shaped thy  
course?

Or what god driven unwitting to our shores?

How fares the boy Ascanius? lives he yet

And drinks the air of heaven? whom while in Troy—

But still to his lost mother doth he yearn

With boyish love? Æneas for his sire,

Hector his uncle—do these kindle him

To antique prowess, and mettle of a man?"

So poured she forth her sorrow, and long she wept

Idly, when lo! advancing from the walls,

The hero-son of Priam, Helenus,

Comes with a mighty train, and his old friends

He knows, and leads them to his home with joy,

But all his utterance broke with bursting tears.

At every forward step I recognise

Troy, but in little, here a Pergamus

The model of the mighty, there, though parched,

A river that from Xanthus takes its name,

And clasp the portals of a Scæan gate.

Along with me the Teucrians too enjoy

The friendly city; the king welcomed them

In spacious cloisters; midmost of the court

They poured out cups of Bacchus, the meats set

On golden platters, goblets in their hand.

‘And now a day and yet another day

Has come and gone; the breeze invites our sails;

The south wind swells, and puffs the canvas out,  
When, with these words approaching, I thus seek  
An answer from the seer : “ Thou son of Troy,  
Interpreter of heaven, who dost the will  
Of Phœbus know, the tripods, and the bays  
Dear to the Clarian god, the stars, and tongues  
Of birds, and omens of the flying wing,  
Come tell me—for the favouring voice of heaven  
Hath my whole course declared, and one and all  
The gods with power divine urged me to make  
For Italy, and distant lands explore ;  
Only Celæno with her Harpy voice  
Chants a strange portent horrible to tell,  
Boding fierce wrath and hideous famine—say  
What perils first am I to shun, or by  
What clue surmount such heights of suffering ? ”  
Then with due sacrifice of slaughtered steers  
First Helenus implores the grace of heaven,  
Unbinds the fillets from his sacred brow,  
And with his own hand to thy temple-gates,  
O Phœbus, leads me wildered with excess  
Of godhead, then at last with priestly lips  
Chants this prophetic utterance : “ Goddess-born—  
For that thou journeyest over sea, led on  
By mightier omens, plain the proof, so draws  
The king of gods the destinies, and rolls  
The shifting changes ; such their circling course—  
Few things of many, that thou may'st safelier track  
Strange seas, and settle in Ausonia's port,

I will unfold thee : what remains to know  
The sister-fates from Helenus withhold,  
Saturnian Juno to his tongue denies.  
First, Italy, which e'en now thou deemest near,  
Fain blindly to attempt the neighbouring ports,  
Long tracts of country, a long pathless way,  
Divide from thee : ay, in Trinacrian waves  
First must thine oar be bent, and thy ships pass  
The salt Ausonian main, the infernal lakes,  
Ææan Circe's isle, ere thou may'st found  
Upon safe shore thy city. And tokens I  
Will give thee ; do thou keep them stored in mind.  
When by the wave of a sequestered stream  
Thine anxious eye lights on a monstrous sow,  
Under the holm-oaks on the margin laid,  
With thirty head of swine new-littered, white,  
Stretched out along the ground, white too the young  
About her udders, know that there shall be  
Thy city's site, here a sure rest from toil.  
And shudder not, though ye be doomed to gnaw  
Your tables ; for the Fates will find a way,  
Apollo hear and aid you ; but these shores,  
The border of the Italian coast, that lies  
Nearest, by waves of our own ocean washed,  
Fly, for in all their towns dwell evil Greeks.  
Here have the Locri from Narycia built  
Cities, and Lyctian Idomeneus  
Filled the Sallentine fields with soldiery.  
Here stands Petelia, propped upon its wall,

The tiny town of Philoctetes, lord  
Of Melibœa. Nay, when o'er the main  
Wafted, thy fleet hath anchored, and ashore  
On new-built altars thou shalt pay thy vows,  
First with a purple robe veil-o'er thy locks,  
Lest in mid worship, while the sacred fires  
Yet burn, a foeman's face meet thine, and mar  
The omens. And this ceremonial rite  
So let thy comrades, as thyself, observe,  
And in its holy use thy sons abide  
Blameless. But when, departing thence, the wind  
Nigh to Sicilia's coast shall waft thee, and  
Pelorum's narrow bars asunder draw,  
Cleave to the leftward land, the leftward sea,  
Though long the circuit; shun the right, both shore  
And water. For this region once, 'tis said,  
By violence and huge convulsion torn—  
Such power of change is in long lapse of time—  
Leapt into twain, that were one land before,  
Continuous; and amidst them broke the sea,  
And with its waves cut off Hesperia's side  
From Sicily's, and flowed, a narrow firth,  
'Twixt fields and cities sundered, shore from shore.  
The right side Scylla doth beset, the left  
Implacable Charybdis, ay and thrice  
In the deep whirl of her abyss sheer down  
She sucks huge billows, and anon to heaven  
Rears them in turn, and whips the stars with spray  
But Scylla, penned in a blind cave's recess,

Thrusts forth her mouth, drags vessels on the rocks,  
Upward, of human visage, and a maid  
Fair-breasted to the waist, beneath, a fish  
Of bulk portentous, and with dolphin's tail  
Joined to wolf's belly. Better to lag round  
Trinacrian Pachynus as your goal,  
The long slow circuit fetch, than once have seen  
Deformèd Scylla in her cavern vast,  
And rocks that to her dark blue sea-dogs ring.  
Ay, and if Helenus foreknoweth aught,  
And as a seer win credence, if his soul  
Brim with Apollo's truth, one prescient word  
Ay, one for all, I'll give thee, goddess-born,  
And urge the admonition o'er and o'er ;  
Great Juno's godhead honour first with prayer ;  
To Juno chant thy willing vows, and quell  
With suppliant gifts the mighty queen : for so  
Victor at last, Trinacria left behind,  
Shalt thou to Italy's far bourne be sped.  
Here landed, when to Cumæ's town thou comest,  
The holy lakes, Avernus' echoing groves,  
Thou shalt the frenzied prophetess behold,  
Who in a rock's deep hollow chants the Fates,  
To leaves committing characters and names.  
All prophecies upon the leaves impressed  
The maid in order ranges, left to lie  
Shut up within the cavern : they remain  
Unmoved in place, nor from their order stir,  
But none the less, when with the turning hinge

A draught of air strikes, and the open door  
Unsettles the light leaves, ne'er heeds she then  
To catch them, as they flutter round the cave,  
Restore their places, or fit line to line :  
Men go their ways uncounselled, and detest  
The Sibyl's seat. There count no loss of time  
Too dear, though comrades chide thee, though the  
voyage

Press and provoke thy sails to sea, and thou  
Might'st fill their favouring hollows, but approach  
The prophetess, and with thy prayers implore  
Herself to chant the oracles, and unlock  
Her willing lips in speech. She will unfold  
The tribes of Italy, and wars to be,  
And how to shun or suffer every toil,  
And to thy prayer vouchsafe a prosperous voyage  
Thus far my voice may warn thee : up, away !  
And by thy deeds lift Troy in might to heaven."

' So spake the seer with kindly word, then gifts  
Heavy with gold and carven ivory  
Bids to the ships be brought, stows massive silver  
And Dodonean caldrons in our keels,  
A ring-wrought hauberk triple-twilled with gold,  
And superb helmet, cone and flowing crest,  
The arms of Neoptolemus. My sire  
Has gifts too of his own : horses beside  
And guides he sends with us, fills up the tale  
Of oarsmen, and equips the crews with arms.

' Meanwhile Anchises bids rig out the fleet

Nor longer dally with the wafting wind.  
Him the interpreter of Phœbus then  
With high regard addressed : “ Anchises, deemed  
Meet for the holy hand of Venus, loved  
Of Heaven, twice rescued from Troy’s falling towers,  
There lies Ausonia’s land : make sail and seize it ;  
Yet hold the deep, pass by the nearer coast,  
Needs must thou ; of Ausonia, see, the tract  
Apollo doth reveal lies yonder far.  
Go forth,” said he, “ in thy son’s goodness blest !  
Why lengthen words, delaying while I speak  
The rising gales ? ” Nor less Andromache,  
Sad at the final parting, brings forth robes  
With gold woof brodered, and a Phrygian scarf  
For Ascanius, nor scants aught of courtesy,  
But loads him with her loom-gifts, and thus speaks :  
“ These too, as tokens of my hand, receive,  
Dear boy, in witness of the lasting love  
Of Hector’s wife Andromache ; ay, take  
The last gifts of thy kin, sole likeness thou  
Still left me of my own Astyanax !  
Such eyes, such hands, such looks he wore ; his youth  
Had now been ripening to like years with thine.”  
I, as I left them, spake with rising tears :  
“ Live, and be happy, ye, whose destined course  
Is now accomplished ; we from fate to fate  
Must still be summoned, but your rest is won :  
No plain of ocean need ye plough, pursue  
No still retreating far Ausonian fields.



A copy here of Xanthus, and a Troy  
Do ye behold which your own hands have made,  
I trust with happier omen, and less apt  
For Grecian inroad. But if ever I  
To Tiber come, and Tiber's bordering fields,  
And see the ramparts to my race assigned,  
Our sister cities and their kindred folk,  
Here in Epirus, in Hesperia there,  
Who boast the self-same founder, Dardanus,  
The self-same fortunes, we will yet some day  
Take, and of twain create one Troy in heart :  
That task be left to our posterity."

On through the deep we speed, and skirt the near  
Ceraunians, whence the way to Italy,  
And shortest passage o'er the waves. Meanwhile,  
The sun drops, and the hills are veiled in gloom.  
On the earth's welcome bosom, meting out  
The oars by lot, we stretch us by the wave,  
And, on the dry beach scattered, court repose ;  
Slumber bedews our weary limbs. Nor yet,  
Driven by the Hours, was Night to her mid course  
Attaining, when, no sluggard, from his couch  
Springs Palinurus, every wind explores,  
Catching the breeze with listening ears : he marks  
All stars that swim the silent sky, surveys  
Arcturus, and the showery Hyades,  
The Twin Bears, and Orion armed in gold.  
Seeing a set calm in a cloudless heaven,  
Loudly he signals from the stern ; our camp

Is broken up ; we venture on the voyage,  
Spreading our sail wings. And Aurora now  
Was reddening, and the stars were put to flight,  
When in the distance we descry dim hills,  
And Italy's low coast-line. " Italy "  
First cries Achates ; Italy our crews  
Hail with a shout of triumph. Then my sire  
Anchises wreathed a mighty bowl with flowers,  
And filled with wine, and called upon the gods,  
Standing upon the lofty stern. " Ye gods,  
Lords both of land and ocean with their storms,  
Waft us a fair course, and breathe favouring gales."  
The wished-for breezes freshen, and the port  
Widens with narrowing distance, and clear seen  
The temple of Minerva tops the height.  
My comrades furl the sails, and shoreward steer.  
The harbour there by eastern waves is bent  
Bow-wise ; with salt spray foam the barrier cliffs ;  
The port itself lies hidden ; the towered rocks  
Lower their arms, on either side a wall ;  
The temple from the shore retires. Four steeds  
Here on the grass, first omen, I beheld,  
Grazing the plain at large, and white as snow.  
Then Sire Anchises : " War it is thou bringest,  
O stranger-country ! Steeds are armed for war,  
And war these herds portend us. Yet at times  
The same beasts use to bow them to the car,  
And, yoked together, bear the friendly rein ;  
Yea, there is hope of peace too." Then we pray

To sacred Pallas, queen of clanging arms,  
Who first with joy received us, and with heads  
Before the altar veiled in Phrygian robe,  
As Helenus had so straitly charged us, offer  
To Argive Juno the full rites prescribed.  
Then without stay, each solemn vow performed,  
Shifting the sail-yard horns, we quit the homes  
Of Greek-born folk, and their suspected fields.  
Next, known to Hercules, if true the tale,  
Tarentum's gulf is sighted, while in front  
Rises Lacinium's goddess, Caulon's heights,  
Ship-wrecking Scylaceum. Then, far off  
Out of the deep comes looming into sight  
Trinacrian Ætna, and a mighty moan  
Of ocean hear we, and rocks buffeted  
Afar, and broken sounds upon the beach ;  
The depths leap up, and sand and surges mix.  
Then Sire Anchises : " Doubtless this is that  
Charybdis, these the crags and fearful rocks  
That Helenus foretold. Rescue, my friends !  
Rise on your oars together." Nought they fail  
To do his bidding, and Palinurus first  
To the waves leftward turns her groaning prow ;  
Leftward the whole fleet strain with oar and breeze.  
On the arched billow we mount up to heaven,  
And once more, as the floods fail under us,  
Sink to the shades below. Thrice roared the rocks  
Amid their craggy hollows, thrice we saw  
The foam dashed up, and the stars raining spray.

Meanwhile, outwearied, wind and sun together  
Failed us, and, all unwitting of the track,  
'To the Cyclopes' shores we drift.

' There lies  
A harbour sheltered from the wind's approach,  
Spacious itself ; but Ætna hard at hand  
With hideous ruin thunders, and anon  
Shoots a dark cloud to heaven of whirling smoke  
Pitch-black, with glowing ashes, and aloft  
Heaves balls of fire, and licks the stars ; anon  
Rocks and the uptorn entrails of the hill  
Spews forth, and heaps the molten stones in air  
Booming, and from his lowest depth upboils.  
'Tis said the huge frame of Enceladus  
Half-burnt by lightning, 'neath this mountain mass  
Lies buried, while giant Ætna, piled above,  
Bursts into channels, and breathes forth the fire :  
Oft as he shifts his side for weariness,  
Trinacria's whole bulk with the rumbling quakes,  
And curtains heaven with smoke. Screened by the  
woods,  
That night the monstrous portent we endure,  
Yet cause of sound discern not : for no stars  
Were burning, nor the vault was bright above  
With constellations but a dark pall hid  
The heavens, and dead night held the moon in cloud.  
' And now the next dawn in the utmost east  
Was breaking, and Aurora had dispelled  
Dank shadows from the sky, when suddenly

Out of the woods, by extreme hunger worn,  
Stalks the strange figure of an unknown man,  
In piteous plight, and stretching suppliant hands  
Toward the shore. We turn to gaze on him.  
Ghastly his squalor, with a beard grown wild,  
A garb thorn-fastened : in all else a Greek,  
And in his country's arms once sent to Troy.  
He when our Dardan guise, our Trojan arms,  
Far off he saw, a little at the sight  
Hung back afeard, and stayed his steps, but soon  
With tears and prayers ran headlong to the shore :  
“ Now, by the stars, and by the gods above  
Ay, and this light of heaven we breathe, take me,  
Ye Teucrians, I conjure you ; bear me hence  
To whatso land ye will ; it shall suffice.  
One of the Danaan fleet am I, I know it,  
Own I assailed your Ilian hearths with war :  
Wherefore, so heinous if my crime's offence,  
Fling me piecemeal into the waves, or drown  
In the vast ocean. If I die, 'twill be  
Joy to have died by human hands.’ So saying,  
He clasped our knees, to our knees, writhing, clung  
We urge him say what, and from whence, he is,  
Next, how by fortune bandied, to confess.  
My sire Anchises, with no long delay,  
Himself extends his right hand to the youth,  
And with the ready pledge assures him ; he,  
Fear banished, speaks at length : “ An Ithacan  
By birth am I, and comrade of ill-starred

Ulysses ; Achæmenides my name :  
Since poor my sire Adrastus—would to heaven  
That fortune still were mine !—I came to Troy.  
Here in their haste these cruel doors to quit,  
My friends forgot, and in the monstrous cave  
Of Cyclops left me. 'Tis a house of gore  
And bloody banquetings, huge, dim within ;  
Himself, uptowering, strikes the stars on high—  
Ye gods, rid earth of such a plague—by none  
To be eyed lightly, or in speech addressed.  
On wretches' flesh and their dark blood he feeds.  
I myself saw of our own number twain,  
In the cave's midst as he lay backward, clutched  
By his huge hand, and dashed against the rock,  
And the floor drenched and swimming with their blood :  
Saw, when their limbs, all dripping with black gore,  
He munched, the warm joints quivering 'twixt his  
teeth ;  
But not, I trow, unpunished : nor such things  
Ulysses brooked, nor was the Ithacan  
In that sore strait forgetful of himself.  
For when, with feasting gorged, and drowned in wine,  
The monster dropped his lolling neck, and lay  
Along the cave, disgorging as he slept,  
Man's blood, and morsels mixed with gory wine,  
We, the lots drawn, and the great powers implored,  
Pour round him in one flood on every side,  
And with a whetted brand bore out his eye,  
Monstrous, hid sole beneath the scowling brow,

Like Argive shield or lamp of Phœbus, glad  
Thus to avenge at length our comrades' shades.  
But fly, ye hapless, fly, rend rope from shore :  
For such, so vast, as Polyphemus here  
Penning in hollow cave his fleecy flocks,  
Or wringing dry their udders, a hundred more  
House them at large along this winding coast,  
Fell Cyclops-crew, and roam the mountain-tops.  
Thrice hath the moon now filled her horns with light,  
While with the beasts, in the lone forest-lairs  
They haunt, I drag my life on, from the rock  
Peering the vast Cyclopes to behold,  
Or trembling at their voices and their tread.  
Berries and stony cornels from the boughs,  
And upturn herb-roots yield me sorry fare.  
All quarters scanning I at last beheld  
This fleet of yours stand shoreward, and to this,  
Prove what it might, consigned me : 'tis enough  
To have escaped the monster-brood : do ye  
Rather, by any death, cut short my days."

' Scarce had he spoke, when on the mountain-top  
Himself, in mighty bulk among his flocks  
Moving, and making for the well-known shore,  
The shepherd Polyphemus we descry—  
Monster fell, shapeless, vast, of eyesight reft.  
Lopped by his hand a pine tree guides his steps  
And steadies ; his woolly sheep beside him stray,  
Sole pleasure, these, and solace of his ill.  
Soon as he touched the deep waves, reached the main,

He laves therewith the flow of gore from out  
His eyeless socket, and gnashing with his teeth  
Groans, and through ocean now at midmost wades ;  
Nor wetted yet the flood his towering sides.  
Trembling we speed our flight afar, take up—  
Meed well deserved—our suppliant, silently  
Cut loose the rope, and bending forward sweep  
With emulous oars the ocean. He perceived,  
And turned his steps toward the sound : but when  
No power is his to reach us with his hand,  
Nor can he match the Ionian waves in chase,  
A boundless roar he raises, that the sea  
And all its billows trembled, and, far in,  
Affrighted was the land of Italy,  
And Ætna bellowed through his winding caves.  
Thereat the race of Cyclops, from the woods  
And lofty mountains startled, to the port  
Rushes, and throngs the shore. We see them stand,  
Each with his eye grim-low'ring, but in vain,  
That brotherhood of Ætna, lifting high  
Their heads to heaven, a fearful conclave ; as  
When skyey oaks, or cone-hung cypresses,  
Jove's lofty forest, or Diana's grove,  
Stand in a group. Keen terror headlong goads us,  
Whithersoever to slack out the sheets,  
And spread our canvas to the following breeze.  
But Helenus' late warning bids them not  
Twixt Scylla and Charybdis hold their course—  
On this or that side but a step from death :



Backward to steer the purpose holds ; when lo !  
The north wind from Pelorum's narrow home  
Is launched upon us : I am wafted by  
Pantagia's mouth of living rock, the bay  
Of Megara, and low-lying Thapsus. Such  
The shores he showed, unthridding all the track  
Of his past wanderings—Achæmenides,  
Ill-starred Ulysses' comrade.

‘ An isle lies

Stretched full in front of the Sicanian bay,  
Wave-washed Plemmyrium, called by men of old  
Ortygia. Hither, the tale runs, Alpheus  
River of Elis, worked his hidden way  
Beneath the sea, now, issuing at thy mouth  
Blends, Arethusa, with Sicilian waves.  
The mighty guardians of the spot, as bidden,  
We worship ; then the o'er-fertile soil I pass  
Of marshy-banked Helorus. Hence we skirt  
Pachynum's lofty cliffs and jutting crags ;  
Far off shows Camarina, fate-ordained  
To be molested never, and Gela's fields,  
And Gela, from its furious river named ;  
Thence towering Acragas displays afar  
Its mighty walls, once breeder of brave steeds :  
Thee too I leave behind me, with sails spread,  
Palmy Selinus, and I thrid the shoals  
Of Lilybæum, with blind rocks beset.  
Anon the harbour and the joyless shore  
Of Drepanum receives me    Here alas !

So many ocean-storms o'er-blown, I lose—  
Lightener of every chance and every care—  
My sire Anchises. Best of fathers, here  
Thou leav'st me to my weariness, alas !  
Snatched from those mighty perils all in vain.  
Nor did the prophet Helenus, 'mid all  
His fearful bodings, of this grief foretell,  
Nor dire Celæno. My last trouble this,  
And this the goal of my long voyaging.  
Departing hence, heaven drave me to your shores.'

Thus sire *Æneas*, 'mid the hush of all,  
Alone rehearsed the destinies of heaven,  
And taught them of his wanderings, then at length  
Ceased, made an end of speaking, and was still.

## BOOK IV

*ÆNEID IV*

But stricken long since with anguish deep, the queen  
Feeds at her veins the wound, whose hidden fire  
Consumes her. To her heart comes surging back  
Full oft the manhood of the man, full oft  
The lustre of his line : his looks, his words,  
Cling rooted fast within her bosom's core,  
And anguish to her frame calm sleep denies.  
Now, with the torch of Phœbus, next day's dawn  
Was traversing the world, and had from heaven  
The dewy shade dispelled, when, ill at ease,  
Thus, heart to heart, her sister she bespeaks :  
' Anna, my sister, say what dreams are these  
Perplex me and affright ? what wondrous guest  
Hath entered 'neath our portals ? what a mien  
He bears ! what strength of breast and shoulder ! I  
Deem him — no idle fancy — sprung from gods :  
Fear proves the base-born spirit. Ah ! me, what shocks  
Of fate he sang, what draughts of battle drained !  
Were not my heart's resolve set firm and fast,

With none to yoke in wedlock-bands, since he,  
My first love, tricked me and betrayed by death,  
Irked me not bridal torch and bridal bed,  
To this one weakness I perchance had stooped.  
Anna, for I will own it, since the doom  
Of my poor lord Sychæus, and the hearth  
Stained by a brother's blood-guilt, only he  
Hath swayed my sense, my tottering heart o'erthrown.  
Traces of that old flame I recognise :  
But first I would that earth yawn deep for me  
Or that the Sire Almighty with his bolt  
May to the shades, pale shades of Erebus  
And night abysmal, hurl me, before thee,  
O shame, I outrage, or thy laws relax.  
He, who first joined me to himself, hath borne  
My heart away with him ; his only be it  
To hold and guard within the grave.' So saying,  
She filled her bosom with o'er-brimming tears.

'O dearer to thy sister than the light,'  
Anna replies, 'wilt thou, till youth be done,  
Still waste in lonely widowhood, nor e'er  
The joy of children or love's guerdon know ?  
Think'st thou that dust or buried shades to this  
Give heed ? albeit no suitors heretofore  
Have swayed thy pining heart in Libya, no,  
Nor erst in Tyre—Iarbas thus was scorned,  
And other lords to boot, whom Afric land  
Rich in war's triumph rears—wilt brave no less  
A love that likes thee ? dost not call to mind

Within whose borders thou art planted ? here  
Gætulian cities hem thee in, a race  
In war untamable, and therewithal  
Numidia's reinless riders, and the shoals  
Of barbarous Syrtis : yonder lies a tract  
Barren with drought, and the wide-raging sons  
Of Barce. Wherefore tell of war's alarms  
Rising from Tyre, and thine own brother's threats ?  
With gods to guide, methinks, and Juno's aid,  
This man sailed hither in his Ilian keels.  
Think what a city, sister, here thou'lt see,  
Ay, what a realm, arise, so husbanded !  
With Teucria's arms beside her, to what pitch  
Will soar the Punic glory ! only thou  
Sue grace of heaven, and, expiation made,  
Be lavish of good cheer, and interweave  
Fresh pleas for tarriance, while on sea the storm  
Still blusters, and Orion's watery star,  
'Mid shattered barks, and skies implacable.'

So saying, she set her love-lit heart ablaze,  
Made bold her wavering mind, and banished shame.  
First they approach the shrines, and pardon seek  
Amid the altars, duly-chosen ewes  
To Ceres, lawgiver, and Phœbus slaying,  
And sire Lyæus—Juno before all,  
Mistress of wedlock-bands. Dido herself  
In peerless beauty, with her right hand grasps  
A cup, and pours it full betwixt the horns  
Of a white-gleaming heifer, or moves on

Majestic, in the presence of the gods,  
To the rich altars, and with sacrifice  
Inaugurates the day, then, all agape,  
Peering into the victims' cloven breasts,  
Consults the quivering entrails. Ah! how blind  
The eyes of seers! love-frenzied, what can vows  
Or shrines avail her? Ever the flame eats  
Her tender heartstrings, and the wound is there  
Silent, yet quick within her bosom's core.  
So, all on fire, unhappy Dido roams  
Raging throughout the city, as some hind  
Shaft-stricken, at unawares 'mid Cretan groves,  
Which from far off a shepherd, with his darts  
Chasing, hath pierced, and left the wingèd barb  
Not knowing; through Diete's woody glades in flight  
She scours, the death-reed sticking in her side.  
Now through the city's midst she with her leads  
Æneas, displaying her Sidonian wealth  
And town built ready: she essays to speak,  
And in mid-utterance stops; now, as day falls,  
Seeking the selfsame board, poor fool! she asks  
Once more to hear the tale of Ilium's woe,  
And hangs upon the speaker's lips once more.  
Then, when the guests have parted, when in turn  
The low moon hides her radiance, and the stars  
Sinking invite to sleep, in the void hall  
With lonely grief, on his abandoned couch  
She casts her, and, though sundered each from each,  
Hears him and sees, or to her bosom clasps

Ascanius, ravished by his father's look,  
Her tyrant passion haply to beguile.  
The half-reared turrets rise not, the youth ply  
No martial exercise, nor harbours build,  
Nor bastions for defence in war ; the works  
Break off suspended, the high-threatening bulk  
Of walls, and engines that uptower to heaven.

Her when the well-loved spouse of Jove beheld  
By such a plague possessed, and her good name  
No bar to madness, thus to Venus then  
Spake Saturn's daughter : ' Peerless is the praise,  
Ample the booty ye bear off, I wot,  
Thou and thy boy, a great and famous name—  
One woman by two gods o'ermatched with guile !  
Me, soothly, it escapes not that thou fear'st  
These walls of ours, tall Carthage and her homes  
Eyeing askance ; but what shall be the end ?  
Or whereto serves this mighty conflict now ?  
Why rather work we not a lasting peace,  
And plighted spousal-troth ? that, thy whole heart  
Desired, thou hast. Dido with love's ablaze,  
And through her frame the tide of frenzy spreads.  
Rule we as one then, and with equal powers,  
This people ; let her own a Phrygian lord,  
And yield her Tyrians to thy hand as dower.'

Perceiving that in guile of heart she spake,  
To shift Rome's empire to the Libyan shore,  
Venus in turn addressed her : ' Who so fond  
As to reject such offers, or make choice

With thee to strive for mastery, so but fortune  
Wait on thy word's accomplishment? but I  
Drift doubtful of the fates, if Jupiter  
To Tyrian folk and travellers from Troy  
Wills but one city, or would have them blent  
Nation with nation, or firm league be joined.  
Thou art his wife; for thee 'tis meet to probe  
His heart with supplication; do thou lead,  
I follow.' Then royal Juno took the word:  
'Leave me that task; now, mark, I'll briefly teach  
thee

How the main purpose may be compassed.  
Æneas, unhappy Dido at his side,  
Goes forth to hunt amid the forest, when  
Titan to-morrow's dawn shall first display,  
And with his beams lay bare the world; then I,  
While huntsmen hurry, and hem the wood with snares  
Will a black storm of mingled hail and rain  
Pour down, with thunder the whole welkin wake.  
Far will their train be sundered, by thick gloom  
Enveloped; Dido and the Trojan prince  
To the same cave shall come. I will be there  
To knit the twain, so stead me thy goodwill,  
In wedlock sure, and seal her for his own.  
Such shall their spousal be.' To her request  
She of Cythera nodded, nothing loth,  
And laughed at revelation of the guile.

Meanwhile Aurora rising left the sea.  
With dayspring from the gates a chosen band



Go forth ; mesh-woven toils, nets, hunting-spears  
Broad-tipped with iron, Massylian horsemen too  
Rush onward, and the dogs' keen-scented might.  
The queen still loiters in her bower, the while  
Her Punic lords beside the portal wait ;  
See, housed in gold and purple her steed stands,  
And fiercely champs the foaming bit. At length,  
Thronged with a mighty concourse, forth she comes,  
Clad in Sidonian scarf with broidered hem—  
Gold quiver, and locks up-knotted into gold,  
Gold too the brooch that clasps her purple robe !  
Here 'mid the Phrygian train Iulus rides  
Exulting. Comelier than all else himself  
Æneas moves to meet them, joins the troop.  
As when Apollo quits his winter-home,  
Lycia, and Xanthus' floods, his mother's isle  
Delos to visit, and renews the dance,  
While round the altar in a motley throng  
Shout with one voice Cretans and Dryopes,  
And painted Agathyrsi ; he himself  
Walks over Cynthus' height, his flowing hair  
Trimmed with a wreath's soft pressure, twined with  
gold ;  
Clatter the shafts about his shoulders ; so,  
Nor tardier-limbed than he, Æneas strode ;  
Such beauty from his peerless face outshone.  
Now to the heights and pathless coverts come,  
Mark, how the wild goats from the crag-top scared  
Run down the ridges ! yonder see the stags

Scour through the open in close-huddling herds,  
Dust in their wake, and leave the hills behind.  
But in the glen's heart young Ascanius  
Joys in his fiery steed, now these, now those  
Out-galloping, and, 'mid the timorous game,  
Prays heaven a foaming boar his vows may bless,  
Or tawny lion from the height come down.

Meanwhile with mutterings loud a mighty broil  
Begins in heaven : rain follows, mixed with hail.  
The Tyrian train and Trojan youth pell-mell,  
With Venus' grandson, the Dardanian boy,  
Dismayed, seek various shelter through the fields ;  
Streams from the hillside race. The Trojan prince  
And Dido to the self-same cavern come.  
Earth first, and bridal Juno, gave the sign ;  
Flashed at the nuptials fire and conscious air,  
And shouted from their topmost peak the nymphs.  
First day of death was that, first cause of ill ;  
Swayed nor by outward show, nor rumour's tongue,  
Dido of secret passion dreams no more :  
Marriage she calls it—name to mask her fall.

Anon flies fame through Libya's mighty towns,  
Fame, whom no other evil can outrun ;  
Motion her might, strength gains she as she goes.  
Small first through fear, soon she mounts up to heaven,  
Plants foot on earth, and hides her head in cloud.  
Her once, provoked to wrath against the gods,  
Earth bare the latest of her brood, they say,  
Sister to Cœus and Enceladus,

Swift-footed, fleet-winged, monster dreadful, vast,  
Who, for each plume her body bears, beneath  
Hath watchful eyes as many, strange to tell,  
As many tongues, as many sounding mouths,  
Pricks ears as many : by night 'twixt earth and heaven  
She cleaves the darkness, hissing as she flies,  
Nor ever droops her eyelids in sweet sleep :  
By day she sits perched like a sentinel,  
Or on high roof-top, or on lofty tower,  
And scares great cities, prone to grip as fast  
False tales and baseless, as bear tidings true.  
She now with manifold discourse had joy  
Folks' ears to fill, now fable and now fact  
Rehearsing : that Æneas has arrived,  
Sprung from the blood of Troy, with whom for lord  
Fair Dido deigns to wed : now, each with each,  
They lap the livelong winter in soft ease,  
Heedless of empire, by base love enthralled.  
Such tidings the foul goddess far and wide  
Scatters from mouth to mouth : then straightway  
bends

Her course to king Iarbas, and inflames  
His heart with rumour, and heaps high his wrath.

He, sprung from Ammon and his ravished bride  
A Garymantian nymph, to Jove had reared  
Through his broad realms a hundred mighty fanes,  
A hundred altars, and had hallowed there  
Fire, the gods' sleepless sentry, to keep watch  
For ever, a floor fat with blood of beasts

And portal with gay blossoms garlanded.  
He, soul-distraught, fired with the bitter tale,  
Is said, before the altars, and amidst  
The majesties of heaven, to have outpoured  
A flood of prayer with suppliant upturned hands  
To Jove : ‘ Almighty Jupiter, to whom  
The Moorish race, on broidered couches feasting,  
Pour now the wine-god’s offering, seest thou this ?  
Or is’t for nought we dread thee, sire, when thou  
Hurlest thy thunderbolts, and do blind fires  
Affright our spirit in the clouds, and brew  
But empty rumblings ? lo ! a woman here,  
Who wandering in our realm gat leave for gold  
To found a paltry city, to whom we gave  
Coastland to till, and laws of tenure—she  
Hath our alliance spurned, and ta’en instead  
Æneas to lord, and partner of her throne.  
And now that Paris, with his emasculate train,  
Chin and oiled hair with Lydian headgear propped,  
Enjoys the spoil : we to thy fanes, ay thine,  
Bring gifts forsooth, and nurse an empty tale.’

As thus he prayed and clasped the altar, lo !  
Him the almighty heard, and turned his eyes  
Toward the queen’s palace, and the lovers there  
Of nobler fame forgetful, then with words  
Like these addresses Mercury, and on such  
An errand sends him : ‘ Hie thee forth, my son,  
Invoke the Zephyrs, and glide upon the wing,  
And to the Dardan chief who loiters now

In Tyrian Carthage, and regards no whit  
His fate-assigned city, speak, bear safe  
Through the swift winds my word. Not such the  
man

His beauteous mother to our hopes foretold,  
Twice therefore rescued from the hosts of Greece,  
But one to rule o'er Italy, a land  
Teeming with empires, turbulent with war,  
Hand on the race from Teucer's blood derived,  
And to law's bidding make the whole world bow.  
If by such high renown he be not fired,  
Nor for his own fame brace him to the toil,  
Yet to Ascanius can his sire begrudge  
Rome's ramparts? what designs he? with what aim  
Loiters amid no friendly folk, forgetting  
Ausonia's race and the Lavinian fields?  
Let him aboard! this is the sum in brief;  
Hereof be thou my herald.'

He had said :

Anon the other made ready to obey  
His mighty sire's behest, and first he binds  
About his feet the golden anklets, which  
Wing-wafted bear him high o'er sea and land,  
Swift as the hurrying breeze, then grasps his wand,  
Wherewith from Orcus the pale ghosts he summons,  
Sends others to gloomy Tartarus below,  
Gives or bereaves of slumber, and unseals  
The eyes in death : on this relying, he drives  
The winds along, and skims the weltering clouds.

And now amidst his flight he sees the crest  
And towering sides of stubborn Atlas, who  
Props heaven upon his peak, Atlas, whose head  
Pine-clothed, and girt for ever with dark clouds,  
By wind and rain is buffeted : shed snow  
Mantles his shoulders, while from his hoar chin  
Streams tumble, and a beard bristles stiff with ice.  
Here, poised on level pinions, stayed him first  
The god Cyllenian, to the waves from hence  
Plunged with his whole frame headlong, like a bird  
Which round the shores, round the fish-haunted rocks,  
Flies low beside the sea-marge : thus he flew  
'Twixt earth and heaven o'er Libya's sandy shore,  
And clove the winds, leaving his mother's sire,  
Cyllene's nursling. Soon as his wing'd feet  
Had gained the huts, Æneas he discerns  
Building new homes, and founding towers, and lo !  
A sword he wore, with yellow jasper starred,  
And from his shoulders hung a cloak that burned  
With Tyrian purple, wealthy Dido's gift,  
Wrought by her hand, and tissued with fine gold.  
Forthwith he thus assails him : ' Art thou now  
Of lofty Carthage the foundations laying,  
And rearing a fair city, wife-enthralled ?  
Ah ! lost to thine own kingdom and its cares !  
The lord of heaven himself from bright Olympus,  
Who with his deity sways earth and sky,  
Sends down, and through the swift breeze bids me  
bear

This message : " What design'st thou ? with what aim  
Squanderest in Libya's land the idle hours ?  
If by such high renown thou be not stirred,  
Nor for thine own fame brace thee to the toil,  
Yet of Ascanius into manhood springing,  
Thine heir Iulus, and his hopes, bethink thee,  
To whom are owed the realm of Italy,  
The land of Rome." ' So saying, Cyllene's god  
Passed, while yet speaking, from the eyes of men,  
And into thin air vanished out of sight.

But at the vision stunned and speechless stood  
*Æneas* : his hair with horror rose, the voice  
Stuck in his throat : he burns to get him gone,  
And quit the pleasant land, dazed by so dread  
A warning, and the sovereign voice of heaven.  
What can he do ? Ah ! with what words approach  
The impassioned queen ? what opening prelude try ?  
This way and that he, parting his quick mind,  
Speeds it on divers tracks, all thoughts to scour,  
Till, wavering long, this counsel pleased him best.  
*Mnestheus*, *Sergestus*, and *Serestus* bold  
He summons all silently to trim the fleet,  
Gather the crews on shore, and muster arms,  
And of his altered purpose hide the cause.  
Meanwhile, since gracious *Dido* knows not, nor  
Looks for so strong a passion to be snapped,  
He will try access, and what hour for speech  
Most tender, and what fashion fits the need.  
Right swiftly one and all his sovereign word

With joy obey, and do his bidding.

But

The queen—for who can lover's heart beguile?—  
Divined it, caught at once the coming change,  
Fearful where all was safety. Fame again,  
Fiendish as ever, in her maddened ear  
Cries that the fleet is rigging, ripe for sea.  
Bankrupt at heart she rages, and on fire  
Through all the town goes storming, like some  
Mænad,

Roused by the shaken emblems, when with shout  
Of Bacchus the triennial orgies goad,  
And loud Cithæron summons her by night.  
At length she first with words like these accosts  
Æneas: ' Deceiver, didst e'en think to hide  
So foul a wrong, and from my land depart  
In silence? Can our love, and hand once joined  
In hand, not keep thee, nor the cruel death  
In store for Dido? Nay, beneath the sky  
Of winter even dost thou fit out thy fleet,  
And 'mid the north wind's blustering haste to go,  
O heartless, over-sea? Why, wert thou not  
Bound for strange fields and unknown homes, and  
were

Troy, as of old, still standing, would'st thou steer  
Even for Troy across yon billowy deep?  
Is it from me thou fliest? by these tears,  
By thy right hand, since nought beside, alas!  
Myself have left me, by our love's embrace,



And marriage-rites begun, if ever I  
Did thee fair service, or if aught I am  
Was dear to thee, pity a falling house,  
And, if prayers yet have place, I thee conjure,  
Cast the thought from thee. For thy sake the tribes  
Of Libya, and the nomad chieftains, hate me,  
And Tyrians turn to foes : for thy sake, too,  
Quenched is my honour and good name of old,  
By which alone I had access to heaven.  
To whom dost thou abandon me to die,  
O guest, since e'en to this has shrunk the name  
Of husband ? Wherefore do I linger on ?  
Is it that Pygmalion, my brother, may  
Pull down, the while, my battlements, or me  
Gætulian Iarbas make his thrall ?  
If only, if before thy flight, my arms  
Had clasped a child of thine, if in my hall  
Some tiny-limbed Æneas played, to bring  
Thee back at least in feature, I had then  
Not seemed so wholly captive and forlorn.'

She had said : the other by command of Jove  
Kept his eyes fixed, and, struggling deep at heart  
To smother down the anguish, thus at length  
Returns brief answer : ' Nought that thou canst plead  
Of all thy countless benefits, O queen,  
Shall e'er by me be gainsaid, nor shall I  
Tire of Elissa's memory, while of self  
Still mindful, while the life-breath guides my limbs.  
Brief be my words to meet the need : I neither

Took thought—suppose it not—to veil my flight  
In secrecy, nor held before thee ever  
The bridegroom's torch, or to such compact came.  
Had fate vouchsafed me at mine own free will  
Life's course to shape, and, as my own heart prompts,  
Make truce with trouble, my first fond care had been  
Troy's city, and the dear ashes of my friends ;  
Priam's tall roof were standing, and this hand  
Had, for her vanquished children, from the dust  
Requickened Pergamus. But now Apollo,  
The lord of Grynium, to great Italy,  
To Italy the Lycian oracles,  
Bid me repair : this is my love, and this  
My country. If, Phœnician as thou art,  
The towers of Carthage and a Libyan town  
Hold thine eyes gazing, wherefore grudge, I ask,  
To Teucrian settlers an Ausonian home ?  
We too may quest for outland kingdoms : me,  
Oft as the night with dewy shade enfolds  
The world, oft as the starry fires arise,  
My sire Anchises' spirit warns in sleep,  
And with its troubled look affrights, me too  
The thought of young Ascanius, and the wrong  
To that dear head, from whom my fault withholds  
Hesperia's empire and predestined fields.  
Now too the interpreter of heaven, by Jove  
Himself sent down—thy head and mine I call  
To witness—through the flying air has brought  
A mandate : I myself beheld the god

Entering the city in clear light of day,  
And with these ears drank in his accents. Cease  
With thy complaints to fire thy soul and mine ;  
Not self-impelled steer I for Italy.'

On him, thus speaking, she was all the while  
Glaring askance, and rolling to and fro  
Her eyes, surveying with their silent looks  
The whole man through, then thus blazed out in  
words :

' No goddess was thy mother, nor Dardanus  
The founder of thy line, false-hearted, but  
Jaggèd with hard rocks, Caucasus begat thee,  
And to thy lips Hyrcanian tigresses  
Their udders set, since, why should I dissemble ?  
For what worse ills restrain me ? Did he moan  
Over my weeping ? did he bend his eyes,  
Pay toll of tears, show pity for his love ?  
What first, what next to say ? Now, now no more  
Juno, great queen, nor the Saturnian sire  
Looks on these things with equal eyes. Nowhere  
Can faith be trusted. Cast upon my shore  
A beggar, I welcomed him, and, mad the while,  
Set on my throne to share it ; his lost fleet,  
His crews I rescued from destruction. Ah !  
The fires of frenzy toss me ! Now Apollo  
Soothsayer, now the Lycian oracles,  
Yea, the gods' mouthpiece, sent by Jove himself,  
Now through the breezes his grim bidding bears.  
Such doubtless is the task of gods above,

Such care disturbs their rest. I neither keep thee,  
Nor would rebut thy words ; go, with the winds  
Chase Italy, seek realms beyond the wave.  
I hope indeed that on the mid-sea rocks,  
If aught the good powers can, thy lips will drain  
The cup of suffering, and oft cry aloud  
On Dido's name : with murky firebrands I  
Will follow thee, though far, and, when cold death  
Has severed soul and limbs, in every place  
My shade shall haunt thee. O graceless, thou shalt  
rue it,

And I shall hear thereof, yea, for the tale  
Will reach me, even among the nether dead.'

So saying, her speech broke off ; she, sick at heart,  
Flies from the light, and, turning from his glance,  
Flings forth and leaves him with fear-palsied tongue,  
Though words throng thick for utterance. Her the  
slaves

Uplift, and to a marble chamber bear,  
And lay her fainting limbs upon the bed.

But good Æneas, though he yearns to assuage  
And soothe the sufferer, with his words ward off  
Her sorrow, deeply groaning and with heart  
That tottered 'neath the bulk of love, nathless,  
Obeys heaven's bidding, to his fleet repairs.  
Then fall the Teucrians to, and all along  
The shore drag down their lofty ships : now floats  
The well-pitched keel, and leafy oars they bring,  
And timber from the woods unwrought, for flight

So eager : you may mark them on the move, .  
At every outlet hurrying from the town !  
As when ants plunder a huge heap of corn,  
Of winter ware, and house it in their store ;  
Moves a black column o'er the plain, the spoil  
In narrow path along the grass convoying ;  
Some set their shoulders to the ponderous grains,  
And push them, some drive up the rearward ranks,  
Chiding delay ; the whole track seethes with toil.  
At such a sight what feelings then were thine,  
Dido, or what groans uttered'st thou. beholding  
From lofty tower the wide beach boil with men,  
And the whole sea beneath thy gazing eyes  
Maddened with their loud shouting ? Tyrant love,  
To what dost thou not drive the hearts of men ?  
Needs must she now to tears once more betake her,  
Once more with prayer assail him, and bow down  
Her pride, a suppliant at the throne of love,  
Lest she die vainly, leaving aught untried.

‘ Anna, this hurrying over the whole shore  
Thou seest ; from all sides they are met ; the sail  
Now courts the breeze, the seamen in their joy  
Have crowned the sterns with flowers. If strength  
was mine

Such grief to anticipate, I shall no less  
Have strength to bear it, sister. This one boon,  
Anna, nathless perform for wretched me.  
For thee alone yon traitor made his friend,  
To thee would e'en his secret moods confide ;

Thou only knewest the tender ways and hours  
Of access to the man : go, sister mine,  
And suppliant-wise entreat our haughty foe :  
I never with the Danaan host conspired  
At Aulis to cut off the race of Troy,  
Nor sent a fleet to Pergamus, nor uptore  
His sire Anchises' buried dust or shade,  
That to those obdurate ears he should debar  
My words from entrance. Whither hastes he so ?  
This last boon let him grant his wretched love,  
And wait for a kind voyage and carrying winds.  
For our old marriage-bond, by him betrayed,  
I ask no more, no, nor that he should lack  
Fair Latium, or resign his realm ; I seek  
An empty hour of time, respite and room  
For madness to have play, till fortune tame  
And school me unto grief. 'Tis the last grace  
I ask—pity thy sister ; grant but this,  
In death I will requite it o'er and o'er.'

Such was her prayer, and such the tearful tale,  
Her dolorous sister bears and bears again.  
But by no tearful tale will he be swayed,  
Nor any words heed, to be bent thereby ;  
Fate hinders, heaven shuts fast his willing ears.  
Even as a sturdy and time-timbered oak,  
Which Alpine north winds with their fitful blasts  
Strive emulous to o'erthrow ; a creaking rises,  
The stem rocks, and the leaves strew deep the ground ;  
Itself clings to the crag, and, howso' far

The summit soars toward the airs of heaven  
So deep strikes root into the vaults of hell.  
E'en thus, with ceaseless, ever-shifting cries  
The hero's heart is buffeted ; he feels  
The deep grief through his mighty bosom thrill ;  
The mind stands firm, and tears are showered in vain.

Then hapless Dido by her fate dismayed  
Cries upon death : it irks her to behold  
The arch of heaven. The more to goad her on  
Her purpose to fulfil, and quit the light,  
She saw—fearful to tell !—while offering gifts  
Upon the incense-kindled altars—saw  
The sacred juice darken, the outpoured wine  
To loathsome gore transmuted : but to none,  
Not even her sister, spake she of the sight.  
Moreover in the palace was a shrine  
Of marble to her former lord, which she  
With wondrous honour tended, wreathed about  
With snow-white fleeces and with festal boughs.  
Hence fell upon her ears accents and words  
As of her husband calling her, when night  
Held the world darkling, and the owl alone  
On roof-top uttered with funereal note,  
Moan upon moan, her long-drawn wailing cry ;  
And many a presage of the seers of old  
With omen dire affrights her. Then in sleep  
Himself Æneas fiercely goads her on  
To frenzy ; and ever being left alone  
She seems, and evermore companionless

Pacing a weary journey, while she seeks  
Her Tyrians in a land untenanted.  
As maddened Pentheus sees the Furies' troop,  
A double sun, a twofold Thebes appear ;  
Or, on the stage, as Agamemnon's child,  
Orestes, hunted, flies his mother armed  
With firebrands and black serpents ; at the door,  
Vassals of vengeance, the grim sisters sit.

So when, by grief o'erpowered, she had conceived  
The frenzy, and resolved to die, alone  
She weighs with her own heart the hour, the means,  
And her sad sister thus bespeaks, with face  
That masks her purpose, and hope-brightened brow :  
' Child of my sire, I have found out a way—  
Give thou thy sister joy—to win him back,  
Or loose me from his love. Near ocean's bound  
And sunset is the far-off Æthiop land,  
Where mightiest Atlas on his shoulder turns  
The pole, with fiery stars bestudded : thence  
Was shown me a priestess of Massylian race,  
And temple-warder of the Hesperides,  
Who erst with dainties to the dragon given,  
Kept safe the sacred boughs upon the tree,  
Sprinkling moist honey and slumberous poppy-seed.  
She with her spells takes on her to unbind  
What hearts she will, launch cruel pangs on others,  
Stop rivers in their flow, turn back the stars :  
She summons ghosts at midnight ; thou shalt see  
Earth bellowing 'neath thy feet, and from the heights



Ash-trees descending. But I call the gods,  
Thee, sister dear, and thy beloved head,  
To witness, that unwillingly I gird  
The magic arts upon me. Do thou rear  
In the inner court, all secretly, a pyre  
To heaven, and let the hero's arms, which he,  
Godless, left hanging in the chamber, all  
His empty raiment, and the bridal bed,  
That was my bane—let these be piled above :  
To wipe out every record of the wretch,  
Such is my pleasure, and thus the priestess bids.'

So spake she, and was silent ; therewithal  
Paleness o'erspreads her face. Anna nathless  
By these new rites suspects not that her sister  
Weaves but a cloak for death, nor can her heart  
Conceive such frenzy, nor aught worse she fears  
Than when Sychæus died ; so sets about  
Her errand.

But the queen, when now the pyre  
Rose huge to heaven amid her hall's recess,  
Of pine and cloven holm-oak, hangs the place  
With garlands, and festoons with funeral boughs.  
High over all upon the couch she lays  
His empty raiment, and the sword he left,  
Ay, and his image, knowing what should come.  
Altars stand round, and with dishevelled hair  
The priestess thunders forth three hundred gods,  
Erebus, Chaos, and triple Hecate—  
The three-faced maid Diana. Water too

She had sprinkled, from Avernus' fountain feigned ;  
And downy herbs with brazen sickles shorn  
By moonlight, milky with black bane, are sought,  
Sought too a love-charm torn from brow of colt,  
Newborn, ere dam could snatch it. She herself  
With salt cake and pure hands, the altar nigh,  
One foot unsandalled, and with garb ungirt,  
Calls on the gods, and stars that wot of doom,  
Or ere she die ; ay, and if any powers  
Righteous and unforgetful have in charge  
Lovers ill-mated, unto these she prays.

'Twas night, and weary limbs o'er all the earth  
Quaffed quiet slumber ; forest and wild waves  
Had sunk to rest ; when stars with gliding orbs  
Wheel midway, and when all the field is still,  
Cattle, and painted birds, that haunt the breadth  
Of limpid lakes, or the rough bosky wold—  
Beneath night's silence laid to sleep, their cares  
Awhile were lulled, their hearts forgot to ache.  
Not so the spirit-vexed Phœnician queen,  
Nor ever does she sink dissolved in sleep,  
Nor take the night into her heart or eyes :  
Her pangs redouble, and raging love once more  
Surges and swells with the high tide of wrath.  
Thus then begins she, thus with her own heart  
Revolves : ' Lo ! what have I to do ? once more  
Make trial of former suitors to my scorn ?  
Beg on my knees with nomad lords to mate,  
Whose proffered nuptials I have spurned so oft ?

Well, shall I follow, therefore, Ilium's fleet,  
The Teucrians' utmost bidding? Because they  
Are fain of my past succour, and the grace  
Of former kindness in their hearts lives on?  
Nay, if I would, who'll suffer me, or take  
The hated woman to their haughty ships?  
Ah! lost one, know'st not, nor perceivest yet  
The perjured race of false Laomedon?  
What then? in lonely flight shall I attend  
The triumph of their seamen? or, girt round  
With Tyrians, and the host of all my friends  
Rush forth, and these, from their Sidonian town  
Whom hardly I uptore, drive back to sea,  
And bid spread canvas to the gale? Nay die,  
As thou deservest; end sorrow with the sword.  
Thou, sister, vanquished by my tears, thou first  
Didst load my frantic spirit with these ills,  
And thrust me on the foe. Why could I not,  
Like a wild creature, free from wedlock, live  
Blameless, and meddle not with woes like these?  
Broken is my honour, and ill-kept the faith  
Vowed to the ashes of Sychæus!' Such  
Bitter complaints kept bursting from her heart.

On the high stern Æneas, now fixed to go,  
Quaffed slumber deep, his gear in order trim,  
When the god's phantom with the self-same face  
Returning, brake upon his sleep, and thus  
Seemed to admonish him once more, in all  
Like unto Mercury, both voice and hue,

And yellow locks, and youthful grace of limb :  
' O goddess-born, at such a time canst thou  
Sleep on ? what perils compass thee about  
Perceiv'st not, madman, nor canst hear the breath  
Of favouring Zephyrs ? In her bosom she  
Craft and dire crime revolving, fixed on death,  
Lashes to storm the fitful tides of wrath.  
Why fliest not headlong hence, while headlong flight  
Is in thy power ? Anon the main thou'lt see  
Crowded with craft, and with fierce brands aglow,  
Anon the shore one fiery blaze, if dawn  
Still find thee on these shores a loiterer. Up !  
Break off delay ! a shifting, changeful thing  
Was woman ever.' So he spake, and passed  
Into the blackness of the night.

Forthwith

Æneas, by the sudden phantom scared,  
Upleaps from slumber, and plies hard his crew :  
' Wake in hot haste, my friends, and man the thwarts ;  
Trim the sails quickly ! sent from heaven on high,  
A god, sec ! once again comes goading me  
To speed our flight, and cut the twisted ropes.  
Hail, holy among gods, we follow thee,  
Who'er thou art, and once again obey  
Thy bidding gladly. O be near with grace  
To aid, and bring propitious stars in heaven.'  
He spake, and from the scabbard plucked his sword  
Flashing, and cut the cable with bare blade.  
All, in one moment, the same ardour seized ;

They hale, they hurry ; deserted stands the shore,  
The deep lies hid beneath their galleys ; see !  
Straining they churn the foam, and sweep the blue.

Now with new ray young Dawn the world was  
sprinkling,

Leaving Tithonus' saffron couch. The queen,  
When first from her high tower she saw the light  
Whiten, and all the ships with sails arow  
Stand out to sea, and shore and harbour void,  
With ne'er an oarsman, thrice and four times o'er  
Smote with her hand the lovely breast, and rent  
The yellow locks : ' O Jupiter,' she cries,  
' Shall he then go, my kingdom put to scorn,  
This stranger ? will they not bring arms apace,  
Pursue from all the city, and some tear loose  
The ships from dock ? away with speed, fetch fire,  
Deal weapons out, ply oars !—what do I say ?  
Where am I ? or what madness warps my wit ?  
Unhappy Dido ! do thine impious deeds  
Now touch thee home ? it had been seemlier then,  
When thou wast offering him thy sceptre. Lo !  
His hand and word of honour, who, they say,  
Carries his country's home-gods where he goes,  
And bowed the shoulder to his age-worn sire.  
Ah ! might I not have seized and rent and cast  
His body piecemeal upon the wave, cut down  
His friends—his own Ascanius, and served up  
The son for banquet at his father's board ?  
But doubtful would have proved the chance of war ;

Be it so : whom had I to fear, death-doomed ?  
I to their camp should have borne firebrands, filled  
Their decks with flame, and, child and sire and race  
Wiped out together, myself have crowned the pile.  
O Sun, that with thy torch encompassest  
All earthly deeds, and Juno, messenger  
And witness of my woes, and Hecate,  
Name in the city crossways yelled by night,  
And dread avenging sisterhood, and gods  
Of dying Elissa, heed ye this, and turn  
Your power to ills that earn it, and give ear  
Unto my prayers. If that accursèd life  
Must reach the harbour, and float safe to shore,  
If thus Jove's doom require, here stand the goal,  
Yet by the sword of a brave race beset,  
Outcast from home, and from Iulus' arms  
Torn, let him sue for succour, and behold  
His friends slain miserably, and when to terms  
Of wrongful peace he yields him, let him not  
His kingdom or the pleasant light enjoy,  
But in the bare mid-plain, before his hour  
Fall and unburied lie. For this I pray,  
And this last utterance with my life-blood pour.  
And ye, O Tyrians, the whole stock and race  
Dog with your hate for ever ; to my dust  
This boon bequeath ye. Let there be no love,  
No league between the nations. O arise,  
Unknown avenger, from my tomb, to chase  
With fire and sword the Dardan settlers, now,

Hereafter, whensoe'er the strength is given.  
Betwixt them, shore with shore, billow with wave,  
And host with host, I call down enmity ;  
Be they themselves, and their sons' sons at war !'

So saying, on every side she turned her thought,  
Seeking how soonest to break off the life  
She loathed, then briefly unto Barcë spake,  
Nurse of Sychæus, for the grave's black dust  
In the old country held her own : ' Dear nurse,  
Fetch me my sister hither, bid her haste  
With water from the stream her limbs to lave,  
And beasts, and expiating rites prescribed  
Bring with her, and so come ; and thou thyself  
With a pure fillet veil thy brows. 'Tis in  
My heart this sacrifice to Stygian Jove,  
Which duly I have ordered and begun,  
To consummate, and put an end to grief,  
And give to flame the Dardan's funeral pyre.'  
She spake : the other with an old wife's zeal,  
Hurried her footstep. But, in trembling haste  
And fierce with her wild purpose, Dido now,  
Rolling a bloodshot eye, her quivering cheeks  
Flecked with bright spots, and blanched with coming  
death,  
Bursts through to the inner court, and madly mounts  
The death-pyre, and unsheathes the Dardan's sword—  
Boon never asked for such a need as this.  
Here, when the Trojan garments she beheld,  
And the familiar bed, a little while

Pausing for tears and thought, she cast herself  
Upon the couch, and spake her latest words :  
‘ Relics once dear, while fate and heaven allowed,  
Take this my spirit, and from these woes release me.  
My life is lived ; the course by fortune given  
I have fulfilled, and now the shade of me  
Passes majestic to the world below.  
I have built a noble city, mine own walls  
Beheld, avenged my husband, and therewith  
Wreaked on my brother the reward of hate ;  
Happy, ah ! all too happy, if alone  
The Dardan keels had never touched our shore !’  
She spake, and burying in the couch her face :  
‘ I shall die unavenged, but let me die,’  
She said : ‘ thus, thus with joy I take the road  
To darkness. Let the cruel Dardan’s eyes  
Drink in the conflagration from the deep,  
And my death-tokens haunt him on his way.’  
She had said ; and, in the midst of words like these  
Her folk beheld her sunk upon the sword,  
And the blade reeking, and blood-dabbled hands.  
Shrieks to the roof-top rise. Fame revels high  
Through the stunned city. With laments and groans  
And women’s wail the palace rings, the sky  
Rescunds with their loud mourning. Even as if  
With in-poured foes, all Carthage or old Tyre  
Fell headlong, while the flames roll fiercely on  
O’er towers of men and temples of the gods.  
Half-dead to hear it and scared at breathless speed



With nail-torn features and fist-smitten breast,  
Darts through the midst her sister, and calls aloud  
The dying one by name, 'Was it then this,  
Child of my sire? would'st thou put fraud upon me?  
This that yon pyre, these flames and altars meant?  
What shall I weep for first, left desolate!  
Dying, didst thou spurn to have thy sister near?  
Thou should'st have bid me share thy doom, the same  
Sword-pang, the self-same hour had found us both  
Nay, did I rear it with these hands, and call  
Loud on our father's gods, ah! cruel, to be  
Far off, and thou laid here? Thou hast destroyed  
Sister, thyself and me, the folk, and sires  
Of Sidon, and thy city. Let me lave  
Her wounds with water, the last hovering breath  
Catch haply on my lips.' As thus she spake,  
The lofty steps surmounted, she had clasped  
Her dying sister to her bosom's warmth,  
With groans, the dark blood stanching with her robe.  
She, trying to lift her heavy eyes, sinks back  
Swooning, the sword grides fixed within her breast.  
Thrice, struggling, she uprose on elbow propped,  
And thrice rolled backward on the couch, and sought  
Light in the vault of heaven, with wandering eyes,  
And groaned to find it. Then almighty Juno,  
Pitying her long pain, and hard-fought-for death,  
Sent Iris from Olympus down to loose  
Her struggling spirit and writhen limbs; for since  
Neither by fate, nor as the wage of sin,

She dying lay, but woe-struck, ere her hour,  
And fired with sudden frenzy, Proserpine  
Not yet had reft her of the yellow lock,  
Nor to the Stygian Orcus doomed her head.  
So Iris, on her saffron wings through heaven,  
Glides dewy down, trailing a thousand tints,  
That shift against the sun, and, o'er her head  
Standing: 'This offering unto Dis I bear,  
As bidden, and from thy body set thee free.'  
So spake she, and with right hand sheared the lock:  
At once the warmth ebbed wholly, and therewith  
Her life into the breezes sped away.

## BOOK V

*ÆNEID V*

MEANWHILE Æneas upon the mid sea-way  
Held stedfast with his fleet, and cut through waves  
That scowled beneath the north wind, glancing oft  
Back to the city walls, now all aglow  
With poor Elissa's funeral-flames. What cause  
Has lit so fierce a fire, is hid from sight ;  
But outraged love's fierce anguish, and the thought  
Of what a frantic woman can, lead on  
The Teucrians' hearts to presages of woe.

Soon as their galleys gained the open deep,  
And now no longer land appeared, but lo !  
Ocean on all sides, and on all sides sky,  
There stood a dark-blue storm-cloud o'er his head,  
Laden with night and tempest, and the wave  
Shuddered beneath the gloom. From the high poop  
The very helmsman, Palinurus, cries :  
' Alas ! why have such clouds encircled heaven ?  
What next, O Father Neptune ? ' Having said,  
Straightway he bids them trim the rigging taut,  
And bend to their stout oars, and to the wind

He slants the sail, and speaks : ' High-souled Æneas,  
Though Jupiter should pledge me on his word,  
Hope could I never to reach Italy  
In such a sky. The winds veer round, and roar  
Athwart, upgathering from the murky west,  
And all the air is thickening into cloud.  
Make head against it, or strive hard enow  
We cannot. Since fortune betters us, be ours  
To follow, and at her bidding shape our way.  
Nor far thy brother Eryx' friendly shores  
And ports Sicanian deem I, if the stars,  
Erst noted, with due memory I retrace.'  
Then answered good Æneas : ' For my part I  
Have long since seen the winds will have it so,  
And that all vainly thou withstand'st them : turn  
The vessels' course. Could there be any land  
To me more welcome, or where gladlier I  
Would beach the weary ships, than that which holds  
My Dardan friend, Acestes, and laps round  
In its embrace my sire, Anchises' dust ?'  
This said, they make for harbour ; and the gales,  
Now favouring, stretch the canvas ; swiftly rides  
Their fleet upon the flood ; and glad of heart  
At length they steer into the well-known shore.

But from a high far hill-top, marvelling  
At their arrival, and the friendly barks,  
Acestes speeds to meet them, bristling o'er  
With javelins and a Libyan she-bear's fell.  
Him to the river-god Crimisus erst

A Trojan mother bare : nor heedless now  
Of his old lineage, their return he greets,  
Gives them glad welcome of his rustic wealth,  
And soothes their weariness with friendly cheer.

When the next day-beam in the utmost east  
Had put the stars to rout, from the whole shore  
Æneas calls a gathering of his friends,  
And from a mounded hillock speaks : ‘ Great sons  
Of Dardanus, from heaven’s high race derived,  
A year’s course, with its months accomplished,  
Is rounding to a close, since we in earth  
My divine father’s bones and relics hid,  
And mourning altars consecrated. Now,  
Or I misdeem, the day is here, which I  
Shall ever hold, for so ye gods have willed,  
Sacred to grief and honour without end.  
This were I passing ’mid Gætulian shoals  
An outcast, ay, or ta’en at unawares  
In Argive waters, or Mycenæ’s town,  
Still had I quit my yearly vows, and pomp  
Of solemn ordinance, and with their gifts  
Heaped high the altars. Now, beyond all hope,  
Not undesigned nor all unwilled of heaven,  
I take it, by my sire’s own dust and bones  
We stand, safe-wafted to the friendly port.  
Up, then, and all, glad homage let us pay !  
Sue we for winds, and may he grant that I  
May build a city, and offer year by year  
These rites in temples hallowed to his name !

Two head of steers Acestes, sprung from Troy,  
Gives every ship by tale : bid to the feast  
The hearth-gods, not your sires' alone, but those  
Our host Acestes worships. Furthermore,  
If the ninth dawn bring kindly day to men,  
And with her beams disclose the world, then I  
Will contests for the Phrygian folk ordain,  
First of the swift fleet ; then—whoe'er excels  
In speed of foot, or, dauntless in his strength,  
Steps forth, a champion in the javelin-bout,  
And light-winged arrows, or with raw-hide gloves  
Bold to do battle—let them all appear,  
And look for palms to be the victor's prize.  
Now hush ye, all : with garlands bind the brow.'  
Thus spake he, and about his temples twined  
His mother's myrtle. So does Helymus,  
So, ripe of age, Acestes, so the lad  
Ascanius, and the rest thereafter. He  
Strode from the council to the tomb, thronged round  
With many thousands, 'midst of a vast train.  
Here, meet libation, on the ground he pours  
Two goblets of pure wine, of fresh milk two,  
Two of the blood of victims ; and he flings  
Bright flowers, and cries : ' Hail, sacred sire, once  
more !  
Hail, dust of him once rescued, but in vain,  
And shade and spirit of my father ! not  
With thee was it vouchsafed to seek the bounds  
And destined fields of Italy, nor yet

Ausonian Tiber, whatsoe'er it be.'

He spake, and ceased, when from the shrine's recess  
A slippery serpent trailed seven monstrous coils,  
Plied seven times, fold on fold, and quietly  
Twined round the tomb, and o'er the altars slid,  
Whose back with dark blue spots was pied, his scales  
Lit with the gleam of dappled gold ; as when  
The cloud-bow flings a thousand shifting tints  
In the sun's eye. Æneas at the sight  
Stood wonder-struck : at last, with lengthy train  
Gliding among the bowls and polished cups,  
It tasted of the viands, and once more,  
All harmless, sought the shelter of the tomb,  
Leaving the altars it had lipped. Hereat  
He to his father all the more renews  
The interrupted rites, doubtful the while  
Or genius of the spot to deem it, or  
His sire's attendant spirit : two young sheep  
He duly slaughters, and as many swine,  
As many black-backed heifers, and poured forth  
The wine-bowl, and on great Anchises' shade  
Called, and the ghost let loose from Acheron.  
His friends withal, as each had substance, bring  
Glad gifts, and heap the altars, and slay steers.  
Others in turn set caldrons on, and, stretched  
Along the greensward, lay live coals beneath  
The spits, and roast the flesh.

The expected day  
Was come, the ninth dawn in a cloudless sky,

Drawn by the steeds of Phaëthon : report  
And great Acestes' name the neighbouring folk  
Had summoned ; in blithe groups they thronged the  
shore,

To see the children of Æneas, some too  
Prepared to join the contest. Full in sight,  
And midmost of the ring, are first disposed  
The prizes, sacred tripods, and green wreaths,  
And palms to crown the victors, arms, and robes  
Broidered with purple, and talent-weights of gold  
And silver : and from a hillock in the midst  
The trumpet's note proclaims the sports begun.  
For the first contest, matched with heavy oars,  
Enter four vessels picked from all the fleet.  
Mnestheus with keen crew drives swift Pristis on—  
Mnestheus-of-Italy to be, from whom  
Takes name the race of Memmius—and Gyas  
The huge Chimæra of huge bulk, in mass  
A city, which the Dardan youth propel  
With triple sweep, a threefold tier of oars  
Rising together : on the Centaur's might  
Sergestus, whence the Sergian house is named,  
Cloanthus upon dark blue Scylla rides,  
From whom thy race, Cluentius of Rome.

Far seaward fronts the foaming shores a rock  
Oft drowned and beaten by the billowy swell,  
What time the wild north-westerns hide the stars ;  
In calm it sleeps, reared on still waves, a plain,  
And standing-ground to sunny seagulls dear.



Here a green ilex-goat their sire Æneas  
Sets up for signal, that the crews might know  
Whence to return and their long circuit bend.

Then lots they cast for places ; and the chiefs  
Themselves upon the poop shine forth afar,  
Glorious in gold and purple ; for the rest,  
The crews are crowned with wreaths of poplar-spray,  
And steeped in oil their naked shoulders shine.  
They man the thwarts, arms stretched to oars, full  
stretch

Await the signal : drains each bounding heart  
Quick-knocking fear, and the wild thirst for praise.

Then, when the shrill trump sounded, in a trice  
All from their bounds leapt forward ; a sea-shout  
Strikes heaven ; the floods foam, churned with in-  
drawn arms.

Abreast they cleave the furrows ; the whole main  
yawns

Convulsed with oars and triple-pointed beaks.

Not in such heady race the two-horsed cars,  
Poured from the bounds, grip course and go, nor shake  
Their billowy reins above such scouring teams  
The drivers, hanging forward to the lash.

Then with applause of men, shouts, favouring cheers,  
The whole grove rings : the pent shore rolls along,  
And the hills, smitten, buffet back the din.

Outspeeds the rest, and skims the forward wave,  
'Mid crowd and tumult, Gyas : follows him  
Cloanthus, lustier-oared, but the pines' weight

Retards him : next, and at like interval,  
Pristis and Centaur strive for foremost place.  
Now Pristis has it, and now the Centaur huge  
Outstrips and overhauls her ; and now both  
Ride, beak and beak, together, and with long keel  
Cleave the salt billows : by this they neared the rock,  
And had the goal in grasp, when Gyas, now first,  
And of the half-course victor, loudly hails  
Menœtes, his ship's pilot : ' Whither away  
So far to starboard ? hither steer, hug shore ;  
Let the oar graze the larboard cliff, and leave  
The deep for others ! ' He said, but still Menœtes,  
Fearing blind rocks, steers off toward open sea :  
' Whither away so wide ? Make for the rocks,  
Menœtes ! ' Gyas shouts and calls again ;  
And, glancing back, Cloanthus he beholds,  
Now hard astern, holding the nearer course.  
' Twixt Gyas ' vessel and the roaring rocks  
He to the left skims inward, in a moment  
Passes his leader, leaves the goal behind,  
And gains the safe smooth water. Then indeed  
Grief in the young man's frame blazed fierce and high,  
Nor did his cheeks lack tears, and heedless both  
Of his own honour and his comrades' lives,  
Laggard Menœtes sheer from the high poop  
Into the sea he flings : himself instead  
The tiller takes, pilot and captain too,  
Cheers on his men, and shoreward turns the helm.  
But from the sea-floor scarce at length cast up,

Menœtes, heavy now with age, and soaked  
In his wet garments, to the cliff-top climbs,  
And on the dry rock sat. The Teucrian folk  
Laughed at him falling, swimming, and laugh now  
To see the salt waves from his chest disgorged.  
Here the two last, Sergestus, Mnestheus, feel  
Kindle glad hope within them to outstrip  
The lagging Gyas. Sergestus gains the lead  
And nears the crag, yet overlaps he not  
A whole keel's length, but part alone, and part  
The jealous Pristis presses with her beak.  
Then, through his vessel striding, 'midst the crew,  
Mnestheus exhorts them : ' Rise to the oar, now, now,  
Comrades of Hector, whom in Troy's last hour  
I chose to be my fellows ; now put forth  
That strength, that spirit, which erst ye showed amidst  
Gætulian quicksands, on the Ionian Sea,  
And Malea's chasing waves. No more seek I,  
Mnestheus, the foremost place, nor strive to win ;  
Yet oh !—but let them conquer, to whom thou,  
Neptune, hast granted it. Count we it shame  
Last to arrive ! thus far, my countymen,  
Prevail ye, and ward off disgrace ! ' They bend  
Forward, and strive their utmost : the brass poop  
Quivers beneath their mighty strokes : the floor  
Runs from beneath them : then quick panting shakes  
Limbs and dry lips : the sweat flows out in streams.  
A mere chance brought them the much-wished-for  
place ;

For while Sergestus, mad at heart, drives close  
In toward the rocks, and draws to dangerous ground,  
Hapless, upon projecting reefs he stuck.  
The cliffs were jarred ; on a sharp crag the oars  
Smote with a crash, and the prow struck and hung.  
Upleap the crew loud-shouting, fast aground,  
Bring iron-shod boat-hooks and sharp-pointed poles,  
And from the billows pluck their broken oars.  
Mnesthus exults, and, keener by success,  
Scuds with swift oar-sweep, and a prayer to the winds,  
Down the slope seas, and scours the open main.  
As, from her cave roused suddenly, a dove,  
Whose home and sweet brood lie in the crannied rock,  
Flies fieldward borne, with clamorous pinion-clap  
Scared from her cell : soon, gliding in calm air,  
She skims the sky-way swift on moveless wing.  
So Mnestheus, Pristis so, of her own will,  
Cleaves the last water, so mere speed of way  
Carries her flying. And first he leaves behind  
Sergestus, struggling on the lofty rock,  
And in the shoals, calling in vain for aid,  
And learning to make way with broken oars.  
Then Gyas and his Chimæra vast of bulk  
He overtakes : she yields, of helmsman reft.  
And now, and close upon the goal, remains  
Alone Cloanthus : him he makes for, him,  
Striving with utmost strength, pursues. Ah ! then  
The shouts redouble ; all goad him to the chase  
With eager cheers : heaven echoes to their din.

These deem it shame, except they hold their own—  
The glory they have won—would barter life  
Itself for fame : those thrive upon success ;  
Thinking they can, the thought begets the power.  
Ay, and belike they would have ta'en the prize,  
Prow matched with prow, had not Cloanthus stretched  
Clasped hands across the deep, and poured forth  
prayers,

Calling the gods to hear his vows. 'Ye gods  
That sway the main, over whose waves I run,  
Gladly before your altars on this shore,  
I, vow-beholden, will a white bull set,  
Into the salt flood fling his entrails far,  
And pour clear-flowing wine.' He spake, and him  
Under the deep waves all the Nereïd-band  
Heard, and the choir of Phorcus, and with them  
The maiden Panopea ; and himself  
The sire Portunus with his mighty hand  
Pushed him upon his way. To shore she flies  
Swifter than south wind or a wingèd shaft,  
And has found shelter in the port's recess.  
Then, duly summoning all, Anchises' son  
Proclaims Cloanthus victor by loud voice  
Of herald, and with green bay-leaf binds his brow ;  
And to the crews three bullocks of their choice  
He gives, and wine, and a great talent-weight  
Of silver, to bear off, and to the chiefs  
Themselves adds special honours, for the first  
A gold-wrought scarf, and twice around it ran

Broad Melibœan purple, in winding wave.  
Therein embroidered is the royal boy  
On leafy Ida, as he tires the stag  
With javelin and the chase, keen, like to one  
Panting, whom Jove's swift armour-bearer snatched  
Aloft from Ida with crook'd talons : see !  
His aged guardians stretch vain hands on high,  
And the hounds' baying goes fiercely up to heaven.  
But to the hero who gat second place  
In prowess, a corslet linked with polished hooks  
Of gold twilled triple, which his own conquering hand  
Had from Demoleos on swift Simois' bank  
Torn beneath lofty Troy, he gives to bear,  
A glory and defence in battle. It  
Scarce could the carls Phegeus and Sagaris,  
Shoulder to shoulder, heave with all its folds ;  
But clad in it of yore Demoleos drave  
Full speed the flying Trojans. The third prize  
He makes twin brazen caldrons, and cups wrought  
Of cunning silver, rough with tracery-work.  
And now, thus dowered, and glorying in their gifts,  
Brow-bound with purple fillets, all went forth,  
When, from the cruel rock with much ado  
'Scaped hardly, oars lost, crippled of one tier,  
'Mid laughter urging his inglorious bark,  
Sergestus came. As oft at unawares  
A serpent, caught upon the heaped highway,  
Which or a brazen wheel hath crossed aslant,  
Or heavy-smiting traveller left half dead

And mangled with a stone, now trying to flee  
Twists his long body into coils, in vain,  
Part still defiant, and, with fiery eyes,  
Rearing aloft the hissing throat ; but part  
Maimed by the wound retards him, as he wreaths  
Joint upon joint, self-knotted and convolved.  
So oared, the ship came slowly labouring on,  
Yet she spreads sail, and, full sail, enters port.  
Æneas with promised boon Sergestus dowers,  
Glad for ship saved and rescued crew : to him  
Is given a slave, skilled in Minerva's craft,  
The Cretan Pholoë, twin boys at her breast.

Then good Æneas, the race despatched, moves on  
Into a grassy plain, by sloping hills  
Girdled with forest ; and amidst the vale  
There was an amphitheatre, whereto  
The prince with many thousands strode, and sat  
On a high mound, the centre of the throng.  
Here in fleet foot-race whoso list to strive  
He lures with prizes, sets the guerdon forth.  
Teucrians, Sicanians, mixed, from all sides flock :  
See ! foremost Nisus and Euryalus !  
Euryalus famed for beauty and fresh youth,  
Nisus for the fair love he bore the boy.  
Next followed, reared from Priam's noble stem,  
Princely Dioreas : after him, together,  
Salius and Patron, Acarnanian one,  
One of Arcadia's blood, a Tegean born.  
Then two Trinacrian comers, Helymus

And Panopes, to forest-life inured,  
Comrades of old Acestes ; many more  
To boot, whom rumour doth in darkness hide.  
Then in their midst Æneas spake : ' My words  
Take now to heart, and give me cheerful heed.  
None of all here will I let giftless go.  
Two Gnosian javelins bright with burnished steel,  
And an axe silver-chased, I'll give to bear ;  
Be this one meed to all. The foremost three  
Shall receive prizes, and be bound about  
The head with pale green olive. Let the first,  
As victor, have a horse with trappings proud ;  
The next an Amazonian quiver, and filled  
With Thracian arrows, which a broad gold belt  
Circles, a smooth-gemmed buckle clasps ; the third  
Depart contented with this Argive helm.'  
This said, they take their stand, and suddenly,  
The signal heard, catch at the course, and leave  
The barriers, like a cloud poured forth, their eyes  
Fixed on the finish. First draws ahead, darts far  
Beyond all rivals Nisus, swifter he  
Than wind or wings of lightning ; next to him,  
But next at a long distance, on his track  
Comes Salius ; then, some space between them left,  
The third, Euryalus ; Euryalus  
Has Helymus behind him, close on whom  
Flies see ! Dioces, heel now grazing heel,  
And shoulders jostling ; and, were more space left,  
He would slip past him, and leave doubt behind.



And now, the course nigh finished, with breath spent,  
They neared the goal, when Nisus by ill luck  
Slips in some blood chance-spilt upon the ground  
From slaughtered steers, that soaked the greensward.

Here

Just flushed with triumph, he could not keep his feet,  
Tripped by the ground they trod on, but fell prone  
Right in the foul dung and slain victims' gore.

Yet of Euryalus, yet of his heart's love

Not he forgetful ! for in Salius' path

He casts him, rising through the slush, who, rolled  
Over and over, on the thick soil lay.

Forth darts Euryalus, and the first place holds,

Winner by his friend's gift, and speeds him on

'Mid favouring shouts and tumult. Next to him

Comes Helymus, and, now third prize, Diores.

Here with vociferous uproar Salius

Fills the whole concourse of the mighty ring,

And gazing sires in front, reclaims the prize

Snatched from his hand by craft. Euryalus

Is strong in favour, and the grace of tears,

And worth, seen comelier in a lovely form.

Backs him Diores too with loud appeal,

Who, to a prize succeeding, has for nought

Gained the last guerdon, if the foremost place

To Salius be restored. Then Sire Æneas :

' Your gifts, my lads, remain assured, and none

Changes the order of the prize : let me

Pity my friend's unmerited mishap.'

So saying, he gives to Salius the vast fell  
Of a Gætulian lion, with rough hair  
Heavy, and claws of gold. Then Nisus : ' If  
Such be defeat's reward, and those that fell  
Win pity of thee, what worthy recompense  
Hast left for Nisus ? The first crown was mine  
By merit and exploit, had not the luck,  
That frowned on Salius, fallen alike on me.'  
And with the word he shows his face and limbs  
Smeared with wet filth. At him the gracious sire  
Laughed, and a shield bade bring, the workmanship  
Of Didymaon, by the Danai once  
From Neptune's sacred portal torn. With this  
He dowers the noble youth, a princely prize.

Then, the race ended, and the gifts dispensed,  
' Come now,' he cries, ' if in the breast of any  
Be courage and prompt heart, let him approach,  
Bind on the gloves, and lift his arms.' So saying,  
He names a twofold guerdon for the fray,  
A steer for the winner, garlanded with gold,  
Sword and proud helm, to soothe the vanquishèd.  
No pause : at once in all his giant strength  
Uplifts him Dares, and stands forth to view  
' Mid murmurs of the crowd, he who alone  
Was wont to match with Paris, and, at the tomb  
Where mightiest Hector lies, smote conquering Butes—  
Who with his vast bulk bore him to the field,  
Of the Bebrycian house of Amycus—  
And stretched him dying upon the tawny sand.

Such was this Dares, who lifts high his head  
First for the fray, displays his shoulders broad,  
Launches his arms out, and spars right and left,  
Lashing the air with buffets. Him to match  
They seek another ; but out of all that throng  
No one durst face the champion, don the gloves.  
So, deeming all men from the prize withdrew,  
Promptly he plants him at Æneas' feet,  
Tarrying no more, then by the left horn grasps  
The bull, and speaks : ' O goddess-born, if none  
Durst risk the fight, what end to waiting, say,  
How long befits it I stand loitering here ?  
Bid me lead off the prize.' The Dardans all,  
Shouting with one voice, bade the promised boon  
Be rendered to their champion. Hereupon  
Acestes with stern words rebukes Entellus,  
As he sat next him on the grassy couch :  
' Entellus, of heroes bravest once, in vain,  
Wilt thou such gifts see tamely borne away,  
And strike no blow ? Where now, we ask, that god,  
Thy master, Eryx, so idly vaunted ? Where  
The fame that filled Trinacria, and those spoils  
Still hanging from thy roof-tree ? ' He replied :  
' It is not that the love of fame is sped,  
Nor fear hath cast out honour ; but indeed  
Chilled is my blood and dulled by sluggish eld,  
And all my body's strength numbed and outworn.  
If, which erst was, wherein yon braggart still  
Boldly exults, if now that youth were mine,

I had not stayed for prize or noble steer  
To lure me forward, nor heed I the gifts.  
So saying, twin gauntlets of vast weight he hurls  
Into the midst, wherewith keen Eryx wont  
Advance his hand to battle, and bind his arms  
With the tough hide. Astonied were all hearts ;  
So vast the seven huge ox-hides that lay stiff  
With in-sewed lead and iron. More than all,  
Dares himself stands dazed, and far recoils :  
This way and that high-souled Anchises' son  
Poises and turns the thongs' enormous folds.  
Then the old man with deep-drawn accents spake :  
' What then if one had seen the gloves and arms  
Of Hercules himself, and the grim fight  
Upon this very strand ? Those weapons once  
Thy brother Eryx wore : thou seest them yet  
Blood-stained and brain-bespattered : he with these  
Stood against great Alcides ; to these I  
Myself was used, while sounder blood gave strength,  
Ere snowy age had sprinkled both my brows.  
But if the Trojan Dares shun these arms  
Of ours, and good Æneas be set thereon,  
Backed by Acestes' sanction, fight we fair.  
I waive the hides of Eryx, see, calm thy dread,  
And do thou doff the Trojan gloves.' So saying,  
He from his shoulder flings the twofold robe,  
Bares his huge limb-joints, mighty bones and thews,  
And stands gigantic in the arena's midst.  
Then equal gloves the sire, Anchises' son,

Brought, and with like arms bound the hands of both.  
Straining on tip-toe, each at once took stand,  
And raised his arms undaunted high toward heaven.  
Their towering heads far from the blow withdrawn,  
Fist with <sup>f</sup>mist mingling, they provoke the fray.  
One nimbler-footed, and relying on youth,  
One strong in bulk of body ; but his slow knees  
Totter and quake, and all his mighty frame  
Heaves with a painful panting. Many a blow  
The champions idly bandy, each with each,  
Many they rain on hollow flank, and make  
Loud music on their chests ; round ear and brow  
The quick fist plays, jaws crackle with hard blows.  
Ponderous in the selfsame posture stands  
Unmoved Entellus, with his body alone  
And watchful eye shunning the strokes. The other—  
As who with engines batters a tall town,  
Or sits down armed before some mountain-hold—  
Tries this approach and that, and, hovering round  
Artful at every point, plies him in vain  
With manifold assault. Entellus then,  
With right hand threatening and uplifted high,  
Rose to the blow : the other with quick glance  
Foresaw descending, and with nimble frame  
Slipped out of reach and foiled it. All his strength  
Entellus spent on air, and, self-impelled,  
By his own heaviness heavily to the earth  
Fell with prodigious weight ; so falls at times  
On Erymanthus or on Ida's height

A hollow pine-tree by the roots upturn.  
Teucrians, Trinacrians, by one impulse urged,  
Leap from their seats ; a shout goes up to heaven ;  
And first Acestes hastes, and pityingly  
Lifts from the earth his age-mate and his friend.  
But he, nor checked nor daunted by the fall,  
Returns yet keenlier to the fray ; wrath goads  
To violence : shame and conscious valour, too,  
Kindle his strength ; and all on fire he drives  
Dares at headlong speed the whole course through,  
Raining his buffets now with right, now left :  
No stop, no respite : thick as hail, when clouds  
Fall rattling on the roof, so pelt the blows  
He showers on Dares, and with either hand  
Pounds him and whirls along. Then Sire Æneas  
Brooks not that wrath go further, nor Entellus  
Rage on in bitterness of heart, but bade  
The battle end, and rescued the spent strength  
Of Dares, and thus speaks with soothing words :  
‘ Unhappy man ! what craze hath caught thy soul ?  
Dost not perceive that here is alien strength,  
Gods turned against thee ? yield to heaven ! ’ He spake,  
And with the word broke off the fight ; but him  
Dragging faint knees, his head to either side  
Lolling, and spitting from his mouth thick gore  
And blood-commingled teeth, his trusty friends  
Lead to the ships : the helmet and the sword,  
When summoned, they receive, the palm and bull  
Leave to Entellus. Then the victor speaks,

Elate with pride, and glorying in the bull :  
' O goddess-born, and you, ye Teucrians, mark  
Both what was once my body's youthful might,  
And Dares from what death your rescue saves.'  
He spake, and fronting the steer's forehead full,  
Which stood there, prize of battle, drew aback  
His right hand, levelled the tough gloves, and swung  
Straight betwixt both horns, towering to the blow,  
Crushed the skull inward, and dashed out the brain ;  
On earth stretched lifeless, quivering, the bull falls.  
Then with deep utterance he spake over it :  
' This better life, for death of Dares due,  
Eryx, I pay thee, with this triumph crowned,  
The gauntlets and the boxer's art lay by.'

Forthwith Æneas to the swift arrow-match  
Invites who will, and sets the prizes forth ;  
Then from Serestus' ship with mighty hand  
The mast uprears, and by a rope passed round  
Suspends a fluttering dove from the tall top,  
As target for their points. The men are met ;  
The lot thrown lies within a brazen helm,  
And for first place outleaps, with favouring cheer,  
The son of Hyrtacus, Hippocoon, next,  
Late victor in the ship-race, Mnestheus comes,  
Mnestheus now garlanded with olive green.  
Eurytion was the third, brother to thee,  
O most renownèd Pandarus, who of old,  
Bidden the treaty to confound, wert first  
To hurl thy dart amid the Achæan ranks.

Last in the helmet's depth Acestes lay,  
Still bold of hand the tasks of youth to try.  
Then, each for self, with sinewy might they bend  
Their curving bows, pluck shaft from quiver ; and first  
The bolt of the son of Hyrtacus through heaven  
Cleaves the fleet breezes from the whizzing string,  
Arrives, and sticks in the mast-tree fair and full.  
The mast quivered, the bird clapped wings in fear,  
And all the region rang with loud applause.  
Next took his stand keen Mnestheus, bow drawn home,  
High-pointing, with one level of shaft and eye ;  
He, luckless, the bird's self with bolt to strike  
Skilled not, and cut the noose and hempen cord,  
Foot-bound whereby to the tall mast she hung :  
Into the south winds and black clouds she flew.  
Then, bow long since held ready, and bolt on string,  
With a quick prayer to his brother to hear his vows,  
Eurytion marked the dove, now triumphing  
In the free sky, and, as she clapped her wings  
Under a dark cloud, pierced her. Dead she fell,  
And left her life among the stars of heaven,  
Down-trailing with the arrow in her side.  
Acestes, the prize lost, alone remained,  
Yet upward aimed his bolt into the air,  
Showing an old sire's skill and sounding bow.  
Here on their eyes a sudden portent falls,  
To prove of mighty presage ; the event  
Taught them its vastness in the after-time,  
And awful seers their omen sang too late



For, on its flight amid the floating clouds,  
The reed took fire, and traced a path in flame,  
And into thin air burnt itself away ;  
As oft from heaven unfixed shoot flying stars,  
And trail their locks behind them. All, aghast,  
Stood rooted, and implored the gods of heaven,  
Trinacrian folk and Teucrian : nor did great  
Æneas reject the omen, but his arms  
Cast about glad Acestes, whom he loads  
With mighty gifts, thus speaking : ‘ Take them, sire ;  
For by such tokens great Olympus’ king  
To thee no lot-drawn honour hath decreed.  
From old Anchises’ self this gift be thine,  
A bowl embossed with figures, which of yore  
Cisseus the Thracian as a noble gift  
Gave to my sire Anchises, of his love  
The record and the pledge to bear.’ So saying,  
He wreathes his temples with green bay, and hails  
First, before all, Acestes victor, nor  
Did kind Eurytion grudge the rank preferred,  
Albeit but he struck down the bird from heaven.  
Next for the prize comes in who cut the cord,  
Last with fleet arrow he that pierced the pine.

But Sire Æneas, ere the sports were sped,  
Calls to his side Epytides, the squire  
Who watched o’er young Iulus, and thus speaks  
Into his faithful ear : ‘ Hie thee, and bid  
Ascanius, if his boyish band he now  
Have ready, and his manœuvring troop arrayed.

Lead forth the squadron in his grandsire's name,  
And show himself in arms.' He spake, and with  
His own voice orders all the crowd withdraw,  
Flooding the long course, and the field be cleared.  
The boys ride in, before their fathers' eyes  
Glittering on bridled horses in array,  
By all Trinacria's chivalry and Troy's  
Hailed with admiring murmurs, as they go.  
The locks of all a trim wreath duly binds,  
Each bears two cornel spear-shafts tipped with steel,  
Some polished quivers upon the shoulder ; high  
On breast, along the throat there runs a hoop  
Pliant of twisted gold. The companies  
Of horse are three ; three chiefs ride to and fro,  
And, following each, a band of twice six boys,  
The troop trisected, with like leaders, shine.  
One youthful squadron a child-Priam leads  
To victory, and recalls his grandsire's name,  
Thy glorious seed, Polites, soon to swell  
The tribes of Italy ; a Thracian steed  
Bears him, with white spots dappled, that displays  
White-stepping pasterns, and white-towering brow.  
The next is Atys, from whom trace their line  
The Latin Atii ; the child Atys, loved  
Of his boy-friend Iulus. Last of all,  
And before all in beauty, Iulus' self  
On a Sidonian horse, fair Dido's gift,  
Of her heart's love the record and the pledge.  
The rest are mounted on Trinacrian steeds

Of old Acestes. With a cheer the Dardans  
Welcome the timid lads, and gaze with joy,  
Tracing the features of their sires of old.  
When the gay cavalcade had ridden the round  
Of the whole concourse under their friends' eyes,  
And all were ready, Epytides from far  
Shouted the signal and cracked loud his whip.  
They rushed apart symmetric, in three troops  
With open ranks dividing, and once more  
Wheel at the order, and charge point to point.  
Then other onsets and retreats they try  
In quarters opposite, and interweave  
Circle with circle, each with each, and wake  
The semblance of armed warfare, now expose  
Their backs in flight, now point their levelled spears,  
Now with peace plighted, as close comrades ride.  
As erst the labyrinth in lofty Crete  
Had, as folk tell, a way with blind walls woven,  
And a dark trap with thousand paths perplexed,  
Whose maze unsearched and irretraceable  
Might baulk all clues for following, such the course,  
Wherein the Trojan boys their steps involve,  
Weaving the sportive web of flight and fray;  
As dolphins, swimming through the watery seas,  
Carpathian cleave or Libyan, and make sport  
Amid the billows. Such use of horsemanship,  
Such games as these, Ascanius, as he girt  
With walls his Alba Longa, first revived,  
And trained the ancient Latins to the mode

Of his own boyhood with the youth of Troy ;  
The Albans taught their sons ; from whom bequeathed  
Majestic Rome received and kept alive  
The ancestral rite : now, named from Troy, the lads  
Are called the Trojan troop. Thus far were held  
The games in honour of the sacred sire.

Here Fortune changing first revoked her faith.  
Whilst they with various pastime to the tomb  
Render its solemn dues, Saturnian Juno  
Sends Iris from on high to Ilium's fleet,  
And breathes fair winds to waft her, rife with schemes,  
Still of her ancient smart insatiate. She,  
Speeding along her myriad-tinted bow,  
Shoots down the swift track, maid beheld of none.  
She views the mighty throng, and scans the shore  
And sees the harbour void, the fleet forsook.  
But far withdrawn upon a lonely beach  
The Trojan dames wept for Anchises' loss,  
And, weeping, gazed on the deep main together.  
Ah, what vast floods, what weary length of sea  
Was still before them, with one voice they cry.  
They crave a city, the travail of the main  
Sick of enduring. So into their midst,  
Well versed in harm, she flings her, doffs the face  
And garb of goddess, becomes Beroë,  
The aged wife of Tnarian Doryclus,  
Who once had lineage, and a name, and sons ;  
So 'mid the Dardan mothers makes her way.  
' O hapless women, whom no Greek hand in war

Dragged 'neath your native walls to death,' she cries,  
'O race ill-starred, for what destruction, say,  
Doth fate reserve ye? Since Troy's overthrow,  
Now the seventh summer wheels her course, the while,  
Borne over seas and traversing all lands,  
So many inhospitable rocks and climes,  
We chase the still receding Italy  
On the vast ocean, by its billows tossed.  
Here are our brother Eryx' bounds, our host  
Acestes: who forbids to cast up walls,  
And give a city to our countrymen?  
O fatherland, and household gods in vain  
Snatched from the foeman, shall no city bear  
Troy's name for ever? Nowhere shall I see  
A Simois or a Xanthus, Hector's streams?  
Nay up, and help me burn the ill-omened ships!  
For in my sleep the seer Cassandra's shade  
Appeared, methought, and offered blazing brands.  
Here look for Troy; here is your home,' quoth she.  
'The hour is ripe for action; prodigies  
So mighty brook no tarriance. Lo ye, four  
Altars to Neptune! and the god himself  
Supplies the firebrand and the will.' So saying,  
She snatching first the deadly flame, upreared  
Aloft her right hand, brandished with main strength,  
And threw it. Brain-wildered were the Trojan dames,  
And heart-astonied. Then, of many, one  
In years their eldest, Pyrgo, royal nurse  
Of all those sons of Priam, cries, 'See you not,

This is no Beroë, no Rhœtēan wife  
Of Doryclus, good mothers ! Mark the signs  
Of heavenly beauty, and the glowing eyes :  
What breath about her ! what a glance she hath !  
What tone of voice, and stateliness of step !  
Nay, I myself left Beroë but e'en now  
Sick, chafing that she only in such rite  
Should lack a part, nor to Anchises pay  
The honours due to him.' So spake she. But  
The matrons, wavering at the first, 'gan eye  
The ships with looks malign, halting between  
Infatuate passion for their present land  
And realms that called them with the voice of fate.  
But on poised wings the goddess borne through heaven  
Cut, flying, a mighty bow beneath the clouds.  
Then, by the portent crazed, and frenzy-spurred,  
All from their hearths' recesses, with one shout,  
Snatch fire ; some strip the altars, and fling on  
Leaf, brushwood, bough. Vulcan with loose rein riots  
O'er thwarts and oars and sterns of painted pine.  
To Anchises' barrow and the circus-seats  
Brings word Eumelus of the fleet on fire.  
Themselves glance back, and see the pitchy reek  
Float in a cloud. And first Ascanius,  
Then gaily leading his manœuvring troop,  
Rode at full speed to the disordered camp,  
E'en as he was, nor can his breathless guards  
Detain him. 'What new frenzy is this ?' he cries,  
'Or whither now, say whither are ye bound,

My wretched countrywomen? 'Tis no foe,  
No hostile camp of Argives, that ye burn,  
But your own hopes. See, it is I, your own  
Ascanius!' and before his feet he flung  
The empty helmet, wherewith armed but now  
He woke in sport the counterfeit of war.  
At once Æneas, at once the Teucrian train  
Speed to the spot. But scattering o'er the beach,  
This way and that the affrighted women fly,  
Make for the woods by stealth, and wheresoe'er  
The rocks are caverned : now they loathe the deed,  
And daylight, know their own with altered eye,  
And Juno's power is shaken from their soul.  
But not for that the conflagration's blaze  
Slacks its resistless fury : the tow glows  
Beneath the wet wood, spewing forth slow smoke ;  
The creeping heat devours the keels, a plague  
That sinks through all the vessel's hull, nor strength  
Of men, nor showers of water can avail.  
Then good Æneas from off his shoulders rent  
The raiment, and besought the gods for aid,  
With outstretched hands : ' Almighty Jupiter,  
If all the Trojans, to a man, not yet  
Thou hatest, if thy goodness of old time  
Recks aught of human woes, grant that the flames  
May 'scape our fleet, O father, and pluck thou  
The Teucrians' shrunken power from ruin. Else  
Level thy thunderbolt, and what remains  
Hurl down to death, if such be my desert,

And overwhelm us here with thy right hand.'  
Scarce had he spoken, when from outpoured clouds  
A black storm rages, incontrollable ;  
Earth trembles to the thunder, hill and plain ;  
From the whole welkin a wild water-flood  
Comes rushing, pitch-black from the thickening  
    south ;  
The ships are filled, and over ; the half-burnt  
Timbers are soaked ; till all the heat is quenched,  
And all the keels, four lost, escape the plague.  
But Sire Æneas, stunned by the bitter chance,  
Shuffled and turned the mighty load of care  
Within his breast, now this way, and now that,  
Whether to settle in Sicilian fields,  
Heedless of fate, or grasp Italia's shore.  
Then aged Nautes, whom Tritonian Pallas  
Taught before all, and with surpassing lore  
Made famous—she it was declared to him  
That which or heaven's high wrath portended, or  
Fate's course required—he thus bespake Æneas  
With comfortable words : ' O goddess-born,  
Pull or repel they, follow we the fates ;  
Betide what will, fortune in every phase  
Is conquered but by bearing. Here thou hast  
Acestes of the Dardan stock divine :  
Him take, a willing yoke-fellow, to share  
Thy counsels ; unto him deliver those  
Who are left shipless, or have weary grown  
Both of thy fortunes and the great emprise.



Men full of years, and mothers wearied out  
With ocean, and whate'er of weak thou hast,  
Fearful of danger, choose, and in this land  
Give ramparts to the weary ones. Their town,  
Grant thou the name, Acesta shall be called.'

Fired by such words from his friend's agèd lips,  
Then was his soul with care on care distraught.  
And black night, chariot-lifted, held the sky,  
When sudden lo ! the likeness of his sire  
Anchises seemed to glide from heaven, and speak  
With such-like utterance : ' Son, than life to me  
Dearer, while life was mine, son, sorely tasked  
By Ilium's destinies, hither I come  
At Jove's command, who from thy fleet drave off  
The fire, and hath at length ta'en pity on thee  
Out of high heaven. Obey the goodly rede  
Now given by agèd Nautes ; men of choice,  
The bravest hearts, lead on to Italy ;  
Hardy the race, and rude of life, which thou  
In Latium must war-under. First nathless  
Approach the infernal halls of Dis, and through  
Avernus' depth seek colloquy with me,  
My son. For guilty Tartarus holds me not,  
Nor the sad ghosts, but in Elysium,  
'Mid fair assemblies of the blest I dwell.  
Thither with plenteous bloodshed of black kine  
The Sibyl pure shall lead thee. Then shalt thou  
Learn all thy kindred, and what walls are given.  
And now farewell ! dank night her midway course

Is wheeling, and the Orient's panting steeds  
Breathe pitiless upon me.' He had said,  
And passed, like vapour, into empty air.  
' Ah ! whither hurrying, whither whirled away ? '  
Exclaims Æneas, ' whom fliest thou, or who  
Bars thee from my embraces ? ' With that word  
He wakes the embers and the slumbering fire,  
And with pure meal and brimming censer pays  
Honour to Troy's Lar and hoar Vesta's shrine.  
Forthwith his friends he summons, Acestes first,  
Of Jove's command and his dear sire's behest  
Instructs them, and what purpose now stands fixed  
Within his soul. No hindering the design,  
Nor thwarts his word Acestes. They transfer  
The matrons to their city, and set on shore  
Who would, such souls as crave not high renown.  
Themselves repair the thwarts, and shape afresh  
The fire-gnawed ship-beams, and fit oars and ropes,  
Few, but a pulse of manhood quick for war.  
Æneas meanwhile is marking with a plough  
The city-boundaries, and assigning homes,  
Bids here an Ilium, here a Troy to be.  
Trojan Acestes, glorying in his realm,  
Proclaims a court, summons the senators,  
And gives them laws. Then to Idalian Venus,  
Nigh to the stars, on Eryx' top, they found  
A dwelling, and Anchises' tomb endow  
With priest and grove of widespread sanctity.  
Now the whole race nine days have wassail held,

And to the altars is due honour done :  
Calm winds have laid the ocean, and once more  
Auster with quickening breath invites to sea.  
Uprises hark ! along the winding shore  
A mighty wail : clasped in each other's arms  
They linger out the hours of night and day.  
Now e'en the matrons, e'en the men, who late  
Shuddered at ocean's face, scarce brooked its name,  
Fain would set forth, bear all the toil of flight.  
Them kind Æneas soothes with friendly words,  
And, weeping, to Acestes' care consigns  
His kinsman. Then to Eryx he bids slay  
Three heifers, and a ewe lamb to the storms ,  
And duly loose the moorings. He himself,  
Bound with trim olive-leaves about his head,  
Stands high upon the prow, and holds a bowl,  
Into the salt waves flings the entrails far,  
And pours clear-flowing wine. Rising astern,  
A breeze escorts them on their way. The crews  
With emulous oar-strokes sweep the ocean-plain.

Venus meanwhile, to cares a prey, thus pleads  
With Neptune, and pours out her heart's complaint :  
'Juno's fell wrath and heart insatiable  
Constrain me, Neptune, stoop to every prayer.  
No lapse of time, no goodness can assuage,  
Nor Jove's command, nor fate itself, avail  
To break and tame her. With outrageous hate  
'Twas not enough from 'midst the Phrygian folk  
To eat away their city, and drag them on

Through every retribution : what remains,  
The very dust and bones of perished Troy,  
She persecutes. Let her own heart resolve  
The causes of such madness. Thou thyself  
Art witness, on the Libyan waves but now  
What sudden coil she raised ; all seas she mixed  
With heaven, upon the storms of Æolus  
Vainly relying, and dared it in thy realm.  
See, too, Troy's matrons goading into crime,  
Their ships she hath burnt foully, forcing them,  
With minished fleet, upon an unknown shore  
To leave their comrades. Those that yet remain—  
Let them, I pray thee of thy goodness, spread  
Safe sail across the billows ; let them reach  
Laurentian Tiber, lawful if my suit,  
If there the walls by destiny assigned.'

Then Saturn's son, the lord of the deep sea,  
Made answer : ' Cytherea, 'tis full meet  
Thou trust this realm of mine, that gave thee birth ;  
And I have earned it : often have I quelled  
Such wrath and fury both of sea and sky,  
Nor less on land, Xanthus and Simois  
Attest, hath thine Æneas been my care.  
What time Achilles, the disheartened hosts  
Of Troy pursuing, dashed them on their walls,  
And many thousands did to death, till groaned  
The choked-up rivers, nor could Xanthus find  
A passage, and roll out to sea, then I  
Æneas, confronted with brave Peleus' son,

Ill-matched alike in strength and aid from heaven,  
Caught in a hollow cloud, albeit full fain  
From their foundation to cast down the walls  
Of perjured Troy, that mine own hands had built.  
Now too within me the same purpose holds ;  
Away with fear ! unscathed he shall arrive  
The Avernian havens, goal of thy desire ;  
One only shall there be, whom thou wilt seek  
Upon the flood, one life be given for many.'  
So soothing with his words the goddess' heart  
To gladness, the sire yokes his steeds with gold,  
Fastens to their wild mouths the foaming bit,  
And, through his hands out-slackening all the reins,  
Skims light the sea-top in his azure car.  
Down sink the waves ; the swelling water-floor  
Beneath his thunderous wheel is levelled smooth ;  
The clouds fly routed through the vast of air.  
Then to attend him came shapes manifold,  
Monsters enormous, Glaucus' agèd choir,  
Palæmon son of Ino, and the swift  
Tritons, and Phorcus with his whole array ;  
Thetis upon the left, and Melite,  
And maiden Panopea, and Nisæe,  
Spio, Thalia, and Cymodocæ.  
Then through the tortured soul of Sire Æneas  
Thrills the sweet solace of returning joy ;  
Quickly he bids each mast be reared, each sail  
Stretched on the yardarms. All made taut the sheet  
Together, with one accord, now left, now right,

Slackening the canvas; all together turn  
And turn again the lofty sail-yard horns;  
The winds, they wait for, bear the fleet along.  
First, before all, leading the dense array,  
Was Palinurus, others after him  
Bidden to shape their course. Now dewy night  
Had well-nigh reached the mid-way goal of heaven;  
In slumber calm the crews relaxed their limbs  
Beneath the oars, on the hard benches stretched,  
When sleep slid lightly from the stars on high,  
Parted the dusky air, and cleft the gloom,  
Thee, Palinurus, seeking, and for thee  
Fraught with a fatal dream, though innocent.  
There on the high stern sat the god, and, like  
To Phorbas, pours this utterance from his lips:  
‘O Palinurus, son of Iasus,  
See, of its own will ocean wafts the fleet;  
The gales breathe equably; the hour is given  
To slumber. Bow the head, and steal from toil  
The weary eyes. Myself awhile will take  
Thy task upon me.’ With scarce lifted look,  
To him speaks Palinurus: ‘Bid’st thou me  
Mark not the sea’s smooth face and tranquil waves?  
Put faith in such a monster? Wherefore trust  
Æneas to the false breezes, tempt again  
The oft-rued treachery of a smiling sky?’  
Such words he spake, and clutched and clung, nor  
aught  
Let go the tiller, and held his upward eyes

Still fixed upon the stars : when lo ! the god  
O'er either temple shakes a bough besprent  
With Lethe-dew, and drugged with Stygian power,  
That loosed his swimming eyes, reluctant. Scarce  
Had the first stealth of unexpected sleep  
Slackened his limbs, when, bending from above,  
Headlong it hurled him, half the stern torn off,  
Rudder and all, into the weltering waves,  
With many a cry to friends that could not aid.  
But into empty air the vision's self  
Soared on the wing. Nathless the fleet unscathed  
Speeds on its journey, and rides undismayed  
In Father Neptune's promise. And now it neared  
The Siren-crag, found perilous of old,  
Whitened with bones of many, while the rocks  
With ceaseless surge were booming hoarse afar.  
Soon as the sire perceived his vessel drift  
Aimless for lack of helmsman, he himself  
Over the midnight wave, with many a groan,  
Steered her, sore shaken by his friend's mischance :  
' O all too trustful of the smiling face  
Of sky and ocean, on an unknown shore,  
And naked, Palinurus, thou wilt lie.'

## BOOK VI

*ÆNEID VI*

WEeping he spake, and gave his fleet the rein,  
And to Eubæan Cumæ's shore at length  
Glides smoothly in. They turn prows seaward ; then  
The anchors' tooth 'gan grip the vessels fast ;  
The round sterns rim the beach. Outleaps amain  
The war-host on Hesperia's strand ; some search  
For seeds of fire hid deep in veins of flint ;  
Some scour the wild beasts' tangled forest-lairs,  
Or point to new-found streams. But good Æneas  
Makes for the hill-top, where aloft sits throned  
Apollo, and a cavern vast, the far  
Lone haunt of the dread Sibyl, into whom  
The Delian bard his mighty mind and soul  
Breathes, and unlocks the future. Even now  
'Neath Trivia's grove and golden roof they come.

Dædalus, flying from Minos' realm, 'tis said,  
Dared on swift wings to trust him to the sky,  
Upon his uncouth journey floated forth  
Toward the chill Bears, and stood light-poised at last  
On the Chalcidian hill. Here first to earth



Restored, he dedicated to thy name,  
Phœbus, the oarage of his wings, and built  
A giant temple. On the doors behold !  
The murder of Androgeos ; therewithal  
The sons of Cecrops, bidden, alas ! to pay  
For yearly ransom, seven of their sons' lives :  
The urn stands, and the lots are drawn. Uptowers  
From Ocean, fronting it, the Gnosian land :  
Here her fell love of the bull, Pasiphaë  
Mated by cunning, and, that mongrel-birth,  
The Minotaur, a twy-formed offspring, stands,  
Record of monstrous passion ; here was that  
Laborious dwelling with the wandering maze,  
Inextricable, but that Dædalus,  
Pitying the princess' mighty passion, solved  
Himself the riddle of its winding paths,  
Guiding blind footsteps with a thread. Thou too  
In such a work hadst borne a mighty part,  
Had grief allowed, O Icarus. Thy fall  
Twice had he sought in gold to fashion, twice  
The fathers' hands dropped. Ay, and still their eyes  
Had to the end perused it, were not now  
Come from his quest Achates, and with him,  
Priestess of Phœbus and of Trivia,  
Deiphobe, the child of Glaucus, who  
Thus hails the king : ' Such shows a time like this  
Demands not : better were it now to slay  
Seven bullocks from the unbroken herd, and ewes  
Picked duly of like number.' Having thus

Addressed Æneas—nor were the heroes slack  
To do her sacred bidding—the priestess  
Summons the Teucrians into the high fane.

The mighty face of the Eubœan rock  
Is scooped into a cavern, whither lead  
A hundred wide ways, and a hundred gates ;  
Ay, and therefrom as many voices rush,  
The answers of the Sibyl. They had gained  
The threshold, when the maid exclaims : 'Tis time  
To ask the oracles ; lo ! the god, the god !'  
Before the doors thus speaking, suddenly  
Nor countenance, nor hue, nor braided locks  
Stayed in one fashion : but her bosom heaves,  
Her heart swells wild with frenzy ; and more vast  
She seems, nor mortal rings her voice, when now  
Touched by the nearer breath of deity.  
' So slack to vows and prayers,' she cries, ' so slack,  
Trojan Æneas ? for the mighty mouths  
Of the awed temple will not ope till then.'  
So spake she, and was mute. A shudder chill  
Ran through the Teucrians' hardy frames, the while  
Their king from his heart's deepest pours forth prayer.  
' O Phœbus, who the heavy woes of Troy  
Hast alway pitied, who erst the Dardan shaft  
And hand of Paris didst guide against the bulk  
Of the son of Æacus, at thy bidding I  
Pierced all those seas that roam round mighty shores,  
The far-withdrawn Massylian tribes, and fields  
That skirt their quicksands, till at length we grasp

The flying shores of Italy : thus far  
Let Troy's ill fate have followed her. Ye too  
May justly spare the race of Pergamus,  
Gods all and goddesses, to whom Ilium  
And the vast Dardan fame was an offence.  
And thou most holy seer, who dost foreknow  
The future, grant—I do but ask the realm  
Owed to my destiny—that Teucria's sons  
May rest in Latium with their wandering gods,  
And storm-tossed deities of Troy. Then I  
To Phœbus and to Trivia will set up  
A shrine of solid marble, and holy days  
In name of Phœbus. And thee too awaits  
In our new realm a mighty sanctuary.  
For there thine oracles and mystic dooms,  
Spoke to my people, will I set, and choose  
Men, and ordain them thine, O gracious one.  
Only to leaves commit not thou thy strains,  
Lest they fly scattered, the sport of whirling winds ;  
Chant them with thine own lips, I pray.' He made  
An end of speaking. But the seer, not yet  
Patient of Phœbus, in the cavern storms  
Immeasurably, if haply from her breast  
She may shake off the mighty god ; but he  
So much the rather plies her raving mouth,  
Tames her wild heart, and moulds her to his might.  
And now the temple's hundred monster-gates  
Ope of themselves, and through the air convey  
The answers of the Sibyl : ' O thou that hast

Outborne at length the sea's vast perils, know  
Yet worse on shore await thee. True, the sons  
Of Dardanus to Lavinium's realm shall come ;  
Of this care ease thy bosom ; yet shall it not  
Rejoice them of their coming. War, grim war,  
And Tiber foaming high with blood, I see.  
Simois and Xanthus, and a Dorian camp  
There shalt thou lack not ; yea, for Latium  
E'en now a new Achilles hath been found,  
Himself too goddess-born. Nowhere shall Juno  
Leave haunting of the Teucrians, whilst by thee,  
A suppliant in thy need through Italy,  
What race, what city, shall be left unsued ?  
Once more is cause of all the Teucrians' woe  
An alien bride, once more a foreign bed.  
Yield not to troubles, thou, but boldlier face them,  
E'en as thy fortune suffers thee. The first  
Pathway to safety, little as thou deemest,  
Shall from a Grecian town appear.' In such  
Words from the shrine doth Cumæ's Sibyl chant  
Her awful riddles, and echo through the cave,  
In darkness shrouding truth ; so shakes the reins  
Apollo in her raving mouth, and plies  
Deep in her breast the goad. Soon as had ebbed  
Her frenzy, and the frantic lips were still,  
The hero speaks—Æneas : ' No phase of toil  
To me, O maid, strange or unlooked for comes.  
All things have I forecast, and in my mind  
Traversed ere seen. One boon I beg : since this

Is called the portal of the infernal king,  
And the dark pool of Acheron's overflow,  
Let me to my dear sire's own presence pass ;  
Teach thou the way, and ope the sacred gates.  
Him I through flames and thousand following darts  
Rescued upon these shoulders, and bore safe  
From midst the foemen : he, my wayfellow,  
Endured with me all seas, all threats of sky  
And ocean, weak of body, beyond the lot  
And strength of age. Moreover he it was  
Charged and implored me with this suppliant suit  
Thy threshold to approach. Both son and sire  
Pity, I pray thee, of thy grace ; for thou  
Canst all things, nor for naught hath Hecate  
Made thee the mistress of Avernian groves.  
If Orpheus 'could recall his loved one's shade,  
Armed but with Thracian harp, and tuneful strings,  
If Pollux, dying in turn, redeemed his brother,  
Trode and retrod the way so oft—why speak  
Of mighty Theseus, of Alcides, why ?  
My lineage also is from Jove in heaven.'  
So spake he praying, and clasped the altar ; then  
The seer brake silence : ' Sprung from blood of gods,  
Trojan Anchises' son, easy the road  
Down to Avernus : night and day the door  
Of gloomy Dis stands open ; but thy steps  
Back to retrace, emerge to upper air,  
This is the task, the labour this. Some few,  
Favoured and loved of Jupiter, or borne

By their own glowing virtue to the sky,  
Sons of the gods, attained it. All between  
Is forest-clothed, and with black-gliding coil  
Cocytus winds about it. But if thou  
So yearn'st at heart, if such thy longing, twice  
To stem the Stygian pool, twice view the gloom  
Of Tartarus; and it please thee to give play  
To a mad quest, hear what must first be done.  
Hid in a tree's dark shade there lurks a bough,  
Gold both in leaf and limber twig, and called  
Sacred to nether Juno. All the grove  
Hides it, by obscure valleys closed in gloom.  
But none may probe the vaults of earth, or ere  
He pluck the gold-tressed sapling from the tree.  
This to be brought as her peculiar gift  
Fair Proserpine ordained. The first torn off,  
Fails not a second, gold no less, whose spray  
Sprouts of the selfsame ore. So with thine eyes  
Search deep, and, duly finding, with thy hand  
Pluck it, for freely at a touch 'twill yield,  
If thou art called of fate: not, otherwise,  
By any force wilt thou prevail to win,  
Or with hard steel to tear it. Furthermore  
The breathless corse of one that was thy friend  
Still lies—alas! thou know'st not—and with death  
Taints the whole fleet, while on our threshold here  
Thou hoverest, seeking counsel. Him first bear  
To his own place, and hide in tomb, and bring  
Black cattle in expiation, before all:

So shalt thou see at last the groves of Styx,  
And realms unfooted by the living.' She  
Spake, and was silent with closed lips.

Æneas

With downcast eyes and gloomy brow strides on,  
Quitting the cave, alone with his own heart  
Revolving hidden issues. At his side  
Goes true Achates, with like load of care  
Planting his footsteps. Many a thought they wove  
In varying converse—of what lifeless friend  
The priestess spake, what corse for burial. So  
At length arrived, on the dry beach they see  
Misenus, snatched by an untimely death,  
Misenus, son of Æolus, than whom  
None more renowned with clarion's clang to rouse  
Heroes, and fire the war-god with his blast.  
Great Hector he had served, at Hector's side,  
Famous alike for trumpet and for spear,  
Would join the fray: whom when Achilles quelled  
And robbed of life, he, bravest of the brave,  
Had ta'en Æneas the Dardan for his lord,  
Following no meaner destiny. But then,  
While with his hollow shell he thrills the main,  
Madman, and challenges the gods to match  
His music, Triton, if the tale be true,  
Seized him, in jealousy, and under-sea  
Plunged in a moment amid foaming rocks.  
So all, around him, clamoured with loud cries,  
And, foremost, good Æneas. Then speedily

The Sibyl's bidding they despatch with tears,  
A funeral-altar toiling to upbuild  
Of heaped boughs, and rear it to the sky.  
Into an ancient forest forth they fare,  
The wild beasts' lofty covert. Down go the pines,  
Loud rings the ilex to the smiting axe,  
And ash-trees and the splintering heart of oak  
Are cleft with wedges: from the hills they roll  
Huge mountain-ashes down. Æneas, no less  
Foremost amid such toil, cheers on his friends,  
And girds him with like weapons. Then alone  
With his sad heart he ponders, gazing on  
The boundless forest, and thus prays aloud:  
'If now that golden branch upon the tree  
Might to our eyes in this vast grove appear!  
Since all too truly spake the prophetess  
Of thee, alas! Misenus.' Scarce had he  
Uttered the word, when, as it happened, twin doves  
Under his very eyes from heaven came flying,  
And light on the green sod. The mighty chief,  
His mother's birds discerning, prays with joy:  
'Oh! be my guides, if any path there be,  
And steer your airy course into the grove,  
Where the rich bough o'ershades the fertile ground.  
And our perplexity forsake not thou,  
O goddess-mother.' So saying, he checked his steps,  
Watching what signs they bring, their course bend  
whither.  
They, feeding, still fly forward just so far



As the pursuer's eye might bear in sight.  
Then, having gained Avernus' poisonous jaws,  
Swiftly they mount, and, gliding through clear air,  
Perch both, and settle upon the wished-for tree,  
Flashed through whose boughs the gold's contrasting  
gleam.

As mistletoe, when winter chills the woods,  
Bursts into new leaf, sown on alien tree,  
And, saffron-berried, clips the tapering trunk,  
Such was the seeming of that leafy gold  
On the dark ilex ; so in the light breeze  
Rustled the foil. Æneas instantly  
Seizes and rives it from its lingering hold  
With hungry clutch, and bears it 'neath the roof  
Of the prophetic Sibyl.

Nor less meanwhile  
The Teucrians on the shore bewailed Misenus,  
Paying the last dues to the thankless dust.  
First, rich with pine-brands, of hewn timber vast,  
A pyre they raise, with dark leaves wreath the sides,  
Plant funeral-cypresses in front, above  
Deck it with gleaming arms. Some set to heat  
Water, and caldrons heaving on the flame,  
And wash the death-cold body, and anoint,  
And make loud moaning. Then the wept-for limbs  
Upon the couch they lay, and over them  
Cast purple robes, the well-known raiment : some,  
Sad service, bowed them to the heavy bier,  
And, eyes averted, their ancestral wont,

Applied the torch and held. The heap'd gifts blaze—  
Frankincense, viands, and bowls of streaming oil.  
When sank the embers, and the flame was stilled,  
The remnant of the thirsty dust they drench  
With wine, and Corynæus gathered up,  
And in a brazen casket hid, the bones.  
He with pure water too thrice paced the round  
Of comrades, with the light dew sprinkling them  
From bough of fruitful olive, and purified  
The heroes, and spake out the latest words.  
But good Æneas, for tomb, a mighty mound  
Heaps o'er the hero, and his own arms, both oar  
And trumpet, 'neath a skyey mount, which now  
From him is called Misenus, and preserves  
From age to age his everlasting name.

This done, with speed he girds him to fulfil  
The Sibyl's bidding : a deep cave there was  
With huge gape monstrous, jagged, and hemmed in  
By the dark mere and forest's gloom, o'er which  
Nothing that flies could wing a scathless way,  
Such breath from the black jaws outpouring sped  
Into the vault of heaven (from whence the Greeks  
Have called the place Avernus). And here first  
The priestess ranges four black-bodied bulls,  
Pours wine upon their brows, and 'twixt the horns  
Plucking the topmost tuft, as firstfruit, throws it  
Into the sacred flames, calling aloud  
On Hecate, queen both in heaven and hell.  
Others set knives beneath them, and in bowls

Catch the warm blood. Æneas a black-fleeced lamb  
Unto the mother of the Eumenides  
And her great sister with his own sword strikes,  
A barren heifer, O Proserpine, to thee,  
Then to the Stygian king inaugurates  
Altars by night, and casts upon the fire  
Whole carcasses of bulls, pouring fat oil  
Upon the blazing entrails. But behold!  
Hard upon dawn and sunrise, 'neath their feet  
The ground 'gan rumble, and a-quaking fell  
The forest-ridges, and through the gloom there seemed  
Dogs howling, as the goddess drew anigh.  
'Hence, hence, unhallowed ones!' the priestess shrieks;  
'From the whole grove avaunt ye! and do thou  
Rush on the road, pluck sword from sheath, Æneas;  
Now need'st thou ail thy courage and a stout heart.'  
Thus far she spake, and like a fury plunged  
Into the cave's mouth: he, no falterer, keeps  
Pace with the steps of his advancing guide.

Gods of the spirit-realm, and voiceless shades,  
And Chaos and Phlegethon, vast tracts of night  
And silence, grant me, what mine ear hath heard,  
To utter, and, with your fiat, to unfold  
Things whelmed in darkness and the under-world.

On strode they blindly through the gloom, beneath  
The solitary night, through the void halls  
And ghostly realms of Dis: as men may walk  
The wood-way 'neath a coy moon's grudging light,  
When Jupiter with shade had curtained heaven,

And black night of her colour robs the world.  
Fronting the portal, even in Orcus' jaws,  
Grief and avenging Cares have made their bed ;  
And pale Diseases house, and dolorous Eld,  
And Fear and Famine, counsellor of crime,  
And loathly Want, shapes terrible to view,  
And Death and Travail, and, Death's own brother,  
Sleep,  
And the soul's guilty joys, and murderous War,  
Full on the threshold, and the iron cells  
Of the Eumenides, and mad Discord, who  
With blood-stained fillet wreathes her snaky locks.

Spreads in the midst her boughs and agèd arms  
An elm, huge, shadowy, where vain dreams, 'tis  
said,

Are wont to roost them, under every leaf  
Close-clinging : and many a monster-form beside  
Of various beasts—Centaurs against the door  
Are stalled, and twy-formed Scyllas, and Briareus,  
He of the hundred hands, and Lerna's brute  
Horribly hissing, Chimæra armed with flames,  
Gorgons and Harpies, and the shadowy shape  
Three-bodied. Here, in a tremor of sudden fear,  
Grasped at his sword Æneas, and with bare edge  
Opposed their coming, and, but for warning word  
From his wise comrade that they were but thin  
Unbodied lives, flitting 'neath hollow shows  
Of form, he would rush on them, and be cleaving  
Shadows in twain with ineffectual sword.

Hence runs a road to the Tartarean waves  
Of Acheron leading, where his eddying gulf,  
Seething with mud and a wild whirlpool, boils,  
Into Cocytus belching all his sand.  
These floods and waters a grim ferryman guards,  
Of hideous squalor, Charon, on whose chin  
Lies a thick grizzle, all untrimmed ; his eyes  
Are orbs of staring fire, and by a knot  
Hangs from his shoulders a soil'd garb. Himself  
Plies with a pole his craft, and tends the sails,  
Freighting with dead the dusky barge ; now old,  
But with the age of godhead hale and green.  
Toward him the whole crowd rushing floods the bank ;  
Matrons and men, and great heroic frames  
Done with life's service, boys, unwedded girls,  
Youths placed on pyre before their fathers' eyes :  
As many as forest-leaves that fluttering fall  
In the first chill of autumn, or as many  
As birds flock shoreward from the weltering deep,  
When the chill year, now chasing over-sea,  
Drives them to sunny lands. There stood they praying  
Each to be first o'erferried, and stretched forth  
Their hands with yearning for the further shore.  
But the sour boatman takes now these, now those,  
And others from the strand thrusts far aloof.  
Æneas, sore startled by the tumult, cries :  
' Say, maid, what means this thronging to the stream ?  
What seek the spirits ? or by what law quit these  
The brink, skim those the leaden oar-swept tide ? '

Briefly to him the aged priestess spake :  
‘ Anchises’ son, sure offspring of the gods,  
Cocytus’ deep pools and the Stygian marsh  
Here thou beholdest, by whose power the gods  
Fear to swear falsely ; helpless, tombless all  
This crowd, thou seest ; yon ferryman is Charon :  
Those, whom the billow bears, have found a grave.  
But o’er the dread banks and hoarse-sounding flood  
Waft them he may not, till their bones have rest.  
A hundred years about these shores they flit  
And wander, then at length, their ban removed,  
The longed-for pools revisit.’ Anchises’ son  
Halted, and stayed his steps, revolving much,  
And pitying from his heart their cruel fate.  
There—woful forms, and lacking death’s last due—  
Leucaspis he descries, and there Orontes,  
Chief of the Lycian fleet, whom both, from Troy  
Borne over squally seas, the South o’erwhelmed,  
Winding in watery shroud both craft and crew.

Lo ! there the pilot Palinurus went,  
Who late, star-gazing on their Libyan voyage,  
Pitched from the stern had fallen amid the sea.  
Him, when at length the sorrowing face he knew  
Through the thick gloom, he first addressed : ‘ What  
god,  
O Palinurus, snatched thee from our sight,  
And in mid ocean plunged thee ? Tell me who :  
For, ne’er till then found faithless, in this one  
Presage Apollo fooled my mind, who sang

That scathless over sea thou shouldst arrive  
Ausonia's bounds. Is this his promised word ?'  
But the other : ' Nor thee did Phœbus' tripod fail,  
My chief, Anchises' son, nor any god  
Plunged me in ocean : for behold ! while I  
Clave to the tiller, as my charge was, and steered,  
Hurled headlong, I tore off, with mighty force,  
And dragged it with me. By the rough waves I swear  
No terror seized me for myself so much  
As for thy ship, lest now, of tackle shorn,  
Dashed from beneath her master, she should fail  
Amid such mounting billows. Three wintry nights  
Over the boundless ocean-plains the South  
With fury drave me : scarce, the fourth dawn, high  
On a wave's crest I sighted Italy.  
By inches I swam shoreward ; safety now  
Was in my grasp ; had not the savage folk,  
As heavy with soaked weed my fingers' clutch  
Caught at the ruggèd mountain-heads, with sword  
Assailed, and for a prize misdeemed, me. Now  
The wave holds, and winds toss me on the beach.  
But by the pleasant light and air of heaven,  
And by thy sire, I pray thee, by thy hopes  
In young Iulus, pluck me from these ills,  
O thou unconquered ! Either, for thou canst,  
Cast earth on me, reseaking Velia's port,  
Or, if there be a way, if any way  
Thy goddess-mother show thee—for not all  
Unwarranted of heaven, methinks, wouldst thou

Stem these vast waters, and the Stygian mere—  
Grant to my tears thy hand, and bear me o'er  
The billows with thee, that at least in death  
I may find quiet resting.' Thus he spake,  
And thus the prophetess began : ' From whence,  
O Palinurus, sprang this wild desire ?  
Shalt thou unburied view the Stygian waves,  
And the stern river of the Eumenides,  
Or tread the bank unbidden ? Cease thou to hope  
That heaven's fix'd doom can be unbent by prayer :  
But, thy hard lot to solace, hear and heed :  
For lo ! the border townsfolk far and near,  
Goaded by heavenly portents, shall appease  
Thy dust, and build a tomb, and to the tomb  
Pay yearly offerings ; and the place shall bear  
The name of Palinurus evermore.'  
These words allayed his pain, and drove the grief  
Awhile from his sad bosom ; and he takes  
Joy in the land that is to bear his name.

So they pursue the path, and near the stream.  
But at that point, when from the Stygian wave  
The boatman saw them through the silent wood  
Moving, and striding toward the bank, he thus  
Accosts them, and upbraids withal : ' Whoe'er  
Thou art, that to our river comest in arms,  
Stand, and say why thou comest, and check thy step.  
This is the place of shades, sleep, slumberous Night ;  
The quick on Stygian barge I may not bear.  
Nor was it to my joy that erst I took



And sped Alcides on the watery way,  
Nor Theseus and Peirithous, albeit  
Both god-begotten and of unconquered strength.  
He the Tartarean warder sought to enchain  
Before the king's own throne, and cowering dragged  
him ;

These from the bride-chamber of Dis essayed  
His queen to ravish.' Whereunto replied  
Briefly the priestess of Amphrysus : ' Here  
Is no such trickery : cease to storm : these arms  
Mean not offence : let the huge gatekeeper  
With ceaseless baying affright the bloodless ghosts ;  
Guard Proserpine her uncle's doors from stain :  
Lo ! here, renowned for goodness as for arms,  
Trojan Æneas to the nether shades  
Of Erebus descends, to seek his sire.  
If thee such goodness moves not to behold,  
At least this bough—the bough which lay within  
Her robe disclosing—canst thou not ignore.'  
Then ebb'd the swelling tide of his heart's wrath,  
Nor further spake he. At the awful gift  
Wondering, the doom-wand, hid from sight so long,  
He turns the dark-blue barge, and nears the shore.  
Then other spirits, which on the long thwarts sat,  
Thrust forth, he clears the benches, and therewith  
Takes vast Æneas on board ; groaned 'neath his  
weight

The seamy craft, and through its chinks let in  
The marsh-wave freely. Safe across the stream

Both prince and priestess he unships at last  
On grey-green sedges and unsightly mire !

These are the realms huge Cerberus makes ring  
With his three-throated baying—a monstrous bulk  
Stretched in the cave's mouth fronting them. To him,  
Seeing his neck now bristling with its snakes,  
A bait the priestess throws, with honey drugged  
And medicated meal. His triple maw  
With ravenous hunger opening, from her hand  
He caught it, and, his monster-length relaxed,  
Lies prone, spread huge o'er all the cavern-floor.  
The warder sunk in sleep, Æneas takes  
The entrance, and swift quits the water's rim,  
Renavigable never.

Forthwith are heard  
Voices of mighty wailing, and the cry  
Of infant souls upon the threshold's brink,  
Whom, dowerless of sweet life, torn from the breast,  
A dark day quelled, and plunged in bitter death.  
Next them were those by false charge doomed to die :  
Not that their places without lot or judge  
Are dealt them : Minos, as inquisitor,  
Handles the urn, the silent council calls,  
And learns the story of their lives and crimes.  
And next have place the unhappy souls, who wrought  
Their own end, guiltless, and flung life away,  
Loathing the sunlight. Ah ! how fain were these  
Now in the upper air to bide both want  
And hardship ! Fate forbids : the unlovely swamp

Binds with its sullen wave, and pens them fast  
Styx, with her ninefold barrier poured between.  
Not far from hence, on every side outstretched,  
Are shown the Mourning Fields : such name they bear.  
Here, whom fell love with cruel wasting gnawed,  
Close walks conceal, and myrtle-groves embower :  
Their pangs e'en death removes not. There he sees  
Phædra, and Procris, Eriphylë sad,  
Showing the wounds her ruthless son had dealt,  
Evadne, and Pasiphaë, and with these  
Laodamia, and once man, now maid,  
Cæneus, by fate to his old shape restored.  
And, among these, Phœnician Dido roamed,  
Fresh from her wound, within the mighty grove :  
Whom when the Trojan hero stood anigh,  
And knew, though dim through darkness—as a man  
Sees when the month is young, or thinks he sees,  
The moon through clouds arising—the tears fell,  
And with sweet words of love he greeted her :  
' Unhappy Dido, was the tale then true,  
Brought to mine ears, that thou wert quenched in  
death,  
And with the sword hadst sought the end of all ?  
Alas ! was I thy doomsman ? By the stars  
I swear, and by the gods above, and by  
Whate'er is sacred in the under-world,  
Right loth, O queen, was I to quit thy shore.  
But heaven's decrees, which now to walk the shades,  
Tracts rough with squalor, and abysmal night,

Compel, then drave me with their high behests :  
Nor could I think that I should bring thee dole  
So deep by my departure : stay thy step :  
Withdraw not from my gaze : whom fliest thou?—  
this

Of all my greetings doomed to be the last !'  
E'en with such words, 'mid rising tears, Æneas  
Her fiery soul, fierce-glancing, sought to soothe.  
She held her looks aloof, eyes fixed on earth,  
And at his proffered speech changed face no more,  
Than hard flint stood she, or Marpesian rock.  
At length she whirled away, and, still estranged,  
Sought the green gloom, where her first lord Sychæus  
Echoes her grief, and gives her love for love.  
Æneas, nathless, stunned by her cruel fate,  
Follows with pitying tears her steps afar.

From thence he girds him to the appointed path.  
And now the utmost fields they gain, where those  
War-famous dwell apart. Here Tydeus meets him,  
Parthenopæus here, renowned in arms,  
And the pale spectre of Adrastus ; here,  
Much wept by those on earth, and fallen in war,  
The Dardan chiefs, whom all in long array  
He groaned beholding. There were Glaucus, Medon,  
Thersilochus, Antenor's children three,  
And Polyphetes, Ceres' priest, and, yet  
Grasping the chariot, yet his arms, Idæus.  
Thronging, the souls press round him, right and left ;  
Nor does one look suffice them : still they love

To linger, pace beside him, and inquire  
His cause of coming. But the Danaan lords,  
And Agamemnon's cohorts, when they spied  
The hero's armour gleaming through the shade,  
Quake with vast terror : some, turning, fled, as erst  
They sought the ships ; some lift a meagre voice :  
The would-be war-cry mocks their gaping mouths.

Ay, and the son of Priam here he saw,  
Deiphobus—sore mangled all his frame,  
Face and both hands rent cruelly, his ears  
From the maimed temples shorn, and nostrils lopped  
With shameful butchery. Scarce indeed he knew him,  
Cowering and cloaking his rough chastisement,  
Then in the oft-heard accents hailed him first :  
' Deiphobus, thou warrior dread, and sprung  
From Teucer's lofty line, who listed, say,  
To wreak such cruel vengeance, or who thus  
Had power upon thee ? To mine ears it came  
On that last night of all, that, wearied out  
With endless slaughter of Pelasgians, thou  
Hadst on an heap of mingled carnage fallen.  
Then I myself on the Rhoëtean shore  
Upreared an empty tomb, and with loud voice  
Thrice called upon thy spirit : thy name and arms  
Still mark the spot : thee, friend, I could not see  
Nor lay, ere parting, in our native earth.'  
Whereto the son of Priam : ' In naught hast thou  
Failed me, O friend, but to Deiphobus  
And to the dead man's shade hast quitted all

But fate and the pernicious guilt of that  
Laconian woman plunged me in this woe :  
These tokens are by her bequeathed. For how  
That latest night in treacherous joys we spent  
Thou knowest, must e'en remember all too well.  
When o'er the lofty citadel of Troy  
Leapt at a bound the doom-fraught horse, and bare  
Armed soldiery within its labouring womb,  
She feigned a solemn dance, and, leading round  
The Phrygian dames with Bacchic revelling-cries,  
Held in their midst herself a mighty torch,  
And called the Danai from the fortress-height,  
Then I with trouble spent, weighed down with sleep,  
Was holden of our ill-starred bridal bower,  
Lying with deep sweet slumber overwhelmed,  
Deep as the calm of death. My peerless wife  
Meanwhile all arms from out the palace moves—  
The true sword first from 'neath my pillow filched—  
Calls Menelaus in, throws wide the door,  
Hoping forsooth that to her lover this  
Would prove a mighty boon, and so be quenched  
The fame of old offences. Why delay ?  
They burst into my chamber : joins their crew,  
Prompter of crimes, the son of Æolus.  
Ye gods, like measure to the Greeks repay,  
If with pure lips I ask for vengeance. But  
Come, tell in turn what chance brings hither thee,  
A living man : by ocean-wanderings led,  
Or at the hest of heaven ? What fortune, say,

Spurs thee to seek the sad, unsunned abodes,  
Regions of Chaos?' In this interchange  
Of talk, Aurora in her rosy car  
Had crossed the mid pole on her path through heaven ;  
And haply all the allotted time they thus  
Had wasted, but the Sibyl at his side  
Spake a brief warning word : ' Night comes apace,  
Æneas, and we with weeping wear the hours.  
This is the spot where splits the road in twain :  
The right leads to the giant walls of Dis,  
Our way to Elysium : but the left wrecks wroth  
On sinners, and to guilty Tartarus sends.'  
Deiphobus made answer : ' Be not wroth,  
Great priestess ; I will hence, fill up the tale,  
And get me back to darkness. Go, our glory ;  
Go, entertain a happier fate.' Thus far  
He spake, and, speaking, turned his steps away.

Æneas looks swiftly back, and 'neath a rock  
Sees leftward a wide fort, with triple wall  
Girded : and round it a fierce torrent goes  
Of billowy fire, Tartarean Phlegethon,  
Who hurls the rocks in thunder : full in front  
A vast gate, columns of solid adamant !  
So that no might of man, nay, not the hosts  
Of heaven avail to shatter it in war.  
An iron tower stands skyward, where enthroned,  
Girt with a gory robe, Tisiphone  
Guards sleeplessly the threshold, night and day.  
Hence groans are heard, and sound of cruel stripes

And clank of iron, and trailing chains. Æneas  
Stopped, and stood rooted, by the din dismayed.  
'What shapes of crime are here, O maiden, say ;  
With what pains visited ? What cry so swells  
To heaven ?' Then thus the prophetess began :  
'Famed Teucrian leader, no pure foot may tread  
The accursèd floor : but Hecate herself,  
What time she set me o'er the Avernian groves,  
Taught me the punishments of heaven, and led  
Through all its precincts. Here—a reign of iron—  
Rules Gnosian Rhadamanthus, of dark crimes  
Both punisher and judge, from guilty lips  
Extorting whatso any upon earth,  
Exulting in the empty cheat, hath left  
Of sins inexpiate till the hour of death.  
Straightway Tisiphone, armed with vengeful scourge,  
Swinges and spurns the guilty, in her left  
Brandishing snakes, and summoning the ranks  
Of her fell sisters. Then the awful gates  
Open at last upon harsh-griding hinge.  
Seest thou what warder sits before the door ?  
What grim shape guards the threshold ? But within,  
Monster of fifty throats black-yawning, keeps  
Ward a yet fiercer Hydra. Therewithal  
Lo ! Tartarus self, that opes sheerdown, and strikes  
Into the nether darkness, twice so far  
As to Olympus' skyey top, and heaven,  
The eye scans upward. Here that ancient brood  
Of earth, the Titan children, where the bolt



Felled them, lie wallowing in the deep abyss.  
Here too beheld I, bodies of vast bulk,  
The twin sons of Aloëus, who essayed  
With rude hands to tear ope the mighty heaven,  
And hurl Jove downward from his throne on high.  
Ay, and I saw Salmoneus suffering still  
The cruel doom that fell while aping yet  
Jove's fire and thunders of Olympus: he,  
Drawn by four horses, and with waving torch,  
Through the Greek tribes and 'mid the streets of Elis,  
Rode on in triumph and claimed the rank of gods,  
Madman! the clouds' incomparable bolt  
With brass to mock and tramp of hoofed steeds!  
But through thick clouds the Sire Omnipotent  
Let loose a shaft—no brand or smoky glare  
Of pine-torch he—that with its mighty wind  
Down drove him headlong: there too Tityos,  
Nursling of Earth, all-mother, might be seen,  
Whose bulk o'er nine whole acres stretched, the while  
A crook-beak'd monstrous vulture, gnawing still  
The imperishable liver and entrails rife  
With anguish, digs for dainties, housing deep  
Within his bosom, and no respite gives  
To the requickened fibres. Why tell o'er  
The Lapithæ, Ixion, Peirithous,  
On whom a black crag, ever like to slip,  
Frowns and seems falling? the high festal couch  
Shines golden-propped; the feast before their eyes  
Is spread with royal splendour; hard at hand

The eldest of the Furies, couched, forbids  
Their fingers touch the board, and up she starts  
With torch high-lifted and loud-thundering mouth.  
Those who their brethren loathed while life endured  
Or smote a parent, or for client knit  
The mesh of fraud, or over treasures found  
Brooded alone, nor meted to their kin—  
The mightiest number these—or who were slain  
For loves adulterous, or to rebel arms  
Clave, and feared not with masters to break faith,  
Prisoned, await their doom. Seek not to learn  
What doom, what phase or fate, hath whelmed them.

Some

Roll a vast stone, or racked on wheel-spokes hang ;  
Sits and for aye will sit unhappy Theseus ;  
And Phlegyas, wretchedest of men, warns all,  
And with loud voice bears witness through the shades ;  
“ Be taught, learn justice, and spurn not the gods.”  
One sold for gold his country, on her neck  
Planted a mighty tyrant, for a bribe  
Made laws and unmade ; one his daughter's bed  
Assailed, banned nuptials ; all some monstrous guilt  
Have dared, and of their daring reaped the joy.  
Not though a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths  
Were mine, a voice of iron, would these avail me  
To sum in gross and single all the crimes,  
No, nor their penalties rehearse by name.’

So Phœbus' agèd priestess, and anon :  
‘ Up! seize the path, fulfil the attempted task,

Speed we our steps,' she cried ; ' I see the walls  
Reared by the Cyclops' forges, and the gate,  
With arch confronting, where they bid us lay  
The appointed tribute.' She had said, and through  
Dim ways they, striding side by side, snatch up  
The intervening space, and near the doors.  
Æneas then takes the entrance, on his limbs  
Sprinkles fresh water, and makes fast the bough  
Full in the gateway. This at last performed,  
The goddess' dues accomplished, they arrived  
The happy region and green pleasaunces  
Of the blest woodlands, the abode of joy.  
An ampler ether with purpureal light  
Clothes here the plain ; another sun than ours,  
And other stars they know. Some ply their limbs  
Upon the grassy wrestling-ground, and strive  
In sport, and grapple on the tawny sand ;  
Some, footing, beat the dance, and chaunt the lay.  
Here too the Thracian priest, with trailing robe,  
Makes eloquent the seven divided notes  
To match their measures, and, with fingers now,  
And now with comb of ivory, strikes them. Here  
Are Teucer's ancient stock, a glorious line,  
The high-souled heroes born in happier years,  
Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus,  
Founder of Troy. He marvels to behold  
Their arms and ghostly chariots from afar.  
The spears stand fixed in earth ; their steeds, unyoked,  
Roam grazing o'er the plain. What pride had each,

Alive, in arms and chariot, or what pains  
To pasture his sleek steeds, the same no less  
Attends them still, now hid beneath the earth.  
Lo! some he sees to right hand and to left  
Feasting along the greensward, or in choir  
Chaunting a joyous pæan, 'mid a grove  
Of perfumed bay, whence risen Eridanus  
Rolls wide through forests of the upper world.  
Here is the band of those who suffered wounds,  
Fighting for country, or, while life remained,  
Were priests and pure, or holy bards that spake  
Things worthy Phœbus, or who sweetened life  
With new-found arts, earning by service wrought  
Of some to be remembered—these are all  
With snow-white fillet bound about the brow.  
Whom, pouring round, the Sibyl thus addressed,  
Musæus before all, for midmost he  
Of that vast multitude their upward gaze  
O'ertops with towering shoulders: 'Happy shades,  
And thou, of bards the best, what region, say,  
What haunt, now holds Anchises? for his sake  
Have we come hither, and crossed the mighty floods  
Of Erebus.' To her the hero thus  
Brief answer made: 'No fixed abode is here;  
In shadowy groves we dwell, and make our home  
The slope of banks, or freshet-quicken'd mead;  
But, tends your heart's wish thither, mount this ridge:  
Soon will I set you on an easy track.'  
He spake and strode before, and from the height

Shows them the shining levels ; thereupon  
The mountain-tops they quit.

But Sire Anchises

Deep in a verdant dell with busy thought  
Surveyed the souls there prisoned, thence to pass  
Up to the light of heaven, and, as it chanced,  
Was telling o'er the tale of all his kin,  
The well-loved offspring of his seed to be,  
Their fates, their fortunes, characters, and deeds.  
But when advancing towards him o'er the sward  
He saw Æneas, both eager palms he stretched,  
And his cheeks ran with tears, and from his lips  
This utterance fell : ' And art thou come at last,  
And has the love long looked for by thy sire  
Conquered the toilsome road ? May I behold  
Thy face, my son, and hear the well-known voice  
And answer ? So indeed with pondering heart  
I deemed that it would be, counting the days ;  
Nor did my longing cheat me. O'er what lands  
And what vast seas art borne to my embrace,  
Tossed by what perils, O my son ! What fears  
Had I lest Libya's realm should prove thy bane !'  
But he : ' It was thy mournful shade, my sire,  
Ay thine, so oft appearing, drave me toward  
These portals. Our ships ride the Tuscan main.  
Give, father, give me thy right hand to clasp,  
Nor from my arms withdraw thee.' Thus he spake,  
Bathing his face, the while, with floods of tears.  
Thrice, as he stood, his arms he sought to cast

About his neck ; and thrice the baffled hands  
Closed upon nothing, and a form that fled,  
Like to light breezes, one with wingèd sleep.

Meanwhile Æneas within the vale's recess  
Spies a sequestered grove, wood-whispering brakes,  
And therewith Lethe-river, that flows by  
The dwellings of repose. Here, round about,  
Nations and peoples without number flew ;  
Even as in cloudless summer, when the bees  
Settling on meadow-flowers, now this, now that,  
Stream o'er the milk-white lilies, all the plain  
Hums with their buzzing. At the sudden sight  
Æneas starts, and witless asks the cause,  
And what those floods afar, and who be they  
That throng the banks in multitude so vast.  
Then Sire Anchises : ' Souls, to whom are owed  
By fate new bodies, there by Lethe's stream  
Drink heedless draughts of long forgetfulness.  
These to tell o'er and show thee face to face  
Long have I yearned, and count my seed to be,  
That thou the rather may'st my joy partake  
In Italy new-found.' ' And must we deem,  
Father, some spirits, borne heavenward hence aloft,  
Turn back to their dull bodies, so fondly crave  
The light, poor souls ?' ' I will e'en tell thee, son,  
Ay, nor prolong thy doubt.' Anchises then  
Takes up the tale, and point by point reveals.

' Know first that heaven, the earth, the watery plains,  
The moon's bright orb, and Titan's starry sphere—

These doth a spirit inly feed ; a mind,  
Its limbs pervading, stirs the whole mass through  
And with the vast frame mingles. Hence arise  
Mankind, and beastkind, wingèd life, and what  
The sea bears monstrous 'neath his marble floor.  
Of fiery vigour, heavenly source those germs,  
Save as impaired by flesh corruptible,  
Dulled with frames earthy, and limbs prone to death.  
Hence they desire, and fear, and grieve, and joy,  
Nor light of heaven can they discern, shut fast  
In the blind darkness of their prison-house.  
Nay, nor when life with its last beam departs,  
Doth every ill, or all the body's plagues,  
Ah ! hapless, leave them wholly ; many a blot  
Must, long ingrained there, cling in wondrous wise.  
Therefore, by sorrow schooled, of their old ills  
They pay the punishment : some hang exposed  
To the void winds ; some have the dye of guilt  
Purged in vast whirlpool, or burnt out with fire.  
Each his own shade we suffer—and then are sent  
To range Elysium, and, some few, possess  
Those happy fields—suffer, till lapse of time,  
Now run full circle, shall eradicate  
Each inbred blemish, and leave naught behind  
But sense ætherial and pure spirit-fire.  
These, having whirled a thousand years away,  
Are in a vast throng summoned all by God  
To Lethe's stream, that, memory lost, they may  
Heaven's vault revisit, and a wish beget

Into the body to return once more.'

Anchises ceased, and drawing thence his son  
And eke the Sibyl into the mid press  
And murmuring throng, takes stand upon a mound  
Whence in long line he might peruse them all,  
Full face, and learn their features, as they came.

'Come now, the Dardan offspring, and their fame  
Hereafter following, from Italian stock  
What seed awaits thee, spirits of renown,  
Heirs of our name, I will unfold in words,  
Thy fortunes teach thee. Yonder, whom thou seest,  
A youth, and leaning on a headless spear,  
Nearest to light hath drawn a place ; he first  
From the mixed strain of Italy shall rise  
Into the air of heaven, an Alban name,  
Silvius, thy youngest offspring, whom, late-born,  
Child of old age, thy wife Lavinia  
Shall in the forest rear to be a king  
And sire of kings, from whom our race shall rule  
In Alba Longa. Procas next to him,  
Glory of Trojan race, and Capys too,  
And Numitor, and, second of thy name,  
Silvius Æneas, excellent alike  
In goodness and in arms, if ever he  
Come to his Alban kingdom. Lo ! what men !  
What might, see, in their bearing ! and their brows  
With civic oak o'ershadowed ! These for thee  
Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidenæ's town,  
These towered Collatium on the hills shall rear,



Pometia, and the fort of Inuus,  
Bola, and Cora. Those shall then be names,  
Now nameless lands. Ay, and the son of Mars  
Shall join him to his grandsire—Romulus,  
Reared by his mother Ilia from thy blood,  
Assaracus. Seest how the twin plumes stand  
Upon his crest, and how his sire e'en now  
By his own token marks him for a god?  
Lo! 'neath his auspices yon glorious Rome  
Shall bound, my son, her empire with the world,  
Her pride with heaven, and with encircling wall  
Clasp to her single heart the sevenfold hills,  
Blest in a breed of heroes: even as when  
The Berecyntian mother in her car  
Rides through the Phrygian cities, turret-crowned,  
Glad in her brood of godhead, as she clasps  
A hundred children's children, dwellers all  
In heaven, and tenants of the heights above.  
Both eyes turn hither now, this race behold,  
Thine own, the Romans. Here is Cæsar, here  
The whole line of Iulus, that shall pass  
One day beneath the mighty pole of heaven.  
This, this the man so oft foretold to thee,  
Cæsar Augustus, a god's son, who shall  
The golden age rebuild through Latian fields  
Once ruled by Saturn, and push far his sway  
O'er Garamantians and the tribes of Ind,  
A land that lies beyond the stars, beyond  
The year's path and the sun's, where, prop of heaven,

Atlas upon his shoulder turns the pole,  
Studded with burning constellations. See!  
Even now, against his coming, Caspian realms  
At the gods' omens shudder; ay, and plains  
Mæotic and the mouths of sevenfold Nile  
Quake and are troubled. Not Alcides even  
Traversed so much of earth, I trow, albeit  
The brazen-footed hind he pierced, and stilled  
The Erymanthian groves, and with his bow  
Affrighted Lerna; nay, nor he, who drives  
His car with reins of vine-leaf, Liber, guiding  
From Nysa's lofty crest his tiger-team.  
And still by prowess to spread wide our power  
Doubt we, and doth fear hinder us to tread  
Ausonia's land? But who is he afar  
With olive-boughs conspicuous, in his hand  
Vessels of sacrifice? I recognise  
The locks and hoar beard of the Roman king,  
Who shall the rising city base on law,  
From lowly Cures and a land of need  
Launched on a mighty empire. Next in turn  
Comes Tullus, who shall break his country's peace,  
And stir ease-sunken warriors to the fray,  
And ranks disused to triumphs; and hard on him  
Ancus, o'erboastful, and too much e'en now  
Caught by the breath of the vain multitude.  
Wouldst see the Tarquin kings too, the proud soul  
Of Brutus the avenger, and the rods  
Of power retrieved? He first, with consul's sway,

Shall the stern axes wield, and his own sons,  
New strife upstirring, for fair freedom's sake,  
Bid to their doom, unhappy one ! Howe'er  
Censured in after time, his country's love  
And boundless thirst for honour shall prevail.  
The Decii and the Drusi too behold  
Far off, Torquatus cruel with his axe,  
Camillus bringing home the standards. Those  
Whom yonder glittering in like arms thou seest,  
Of one heart now and while in darkness penned,  
Let but their eyes attain the light, alas !  
Each against each, what wars will they provoke.  
What stricken fields and carnage ! From the Alps  
Heaped barriers and Monœcus' citadel  
The sire descending, while his daughter's lord  
Confronts him with the armies of the East !  
Make not a home within your hearts, my sons,  
For strifes so cruel, nor the broad thews, she bred,  
Bend at your country's bosom. And thou first  
Forbear, who from Olympus dost derive,  
Fling from thine hand the weapons, O my blood !  
He yonder to the Capitol on high  
Shall drive his victor chariot, triumphing  
O'er Corinth, for Achæan slaughter famed.  
He Argos and Mycenæ shall uproot,  
City of Agamemnon, and the heir  
Of Æacus himself, from war-renowned  
Achilles sprung, his ancestors of Troy  
Avenging and Minerva's outraged shrine

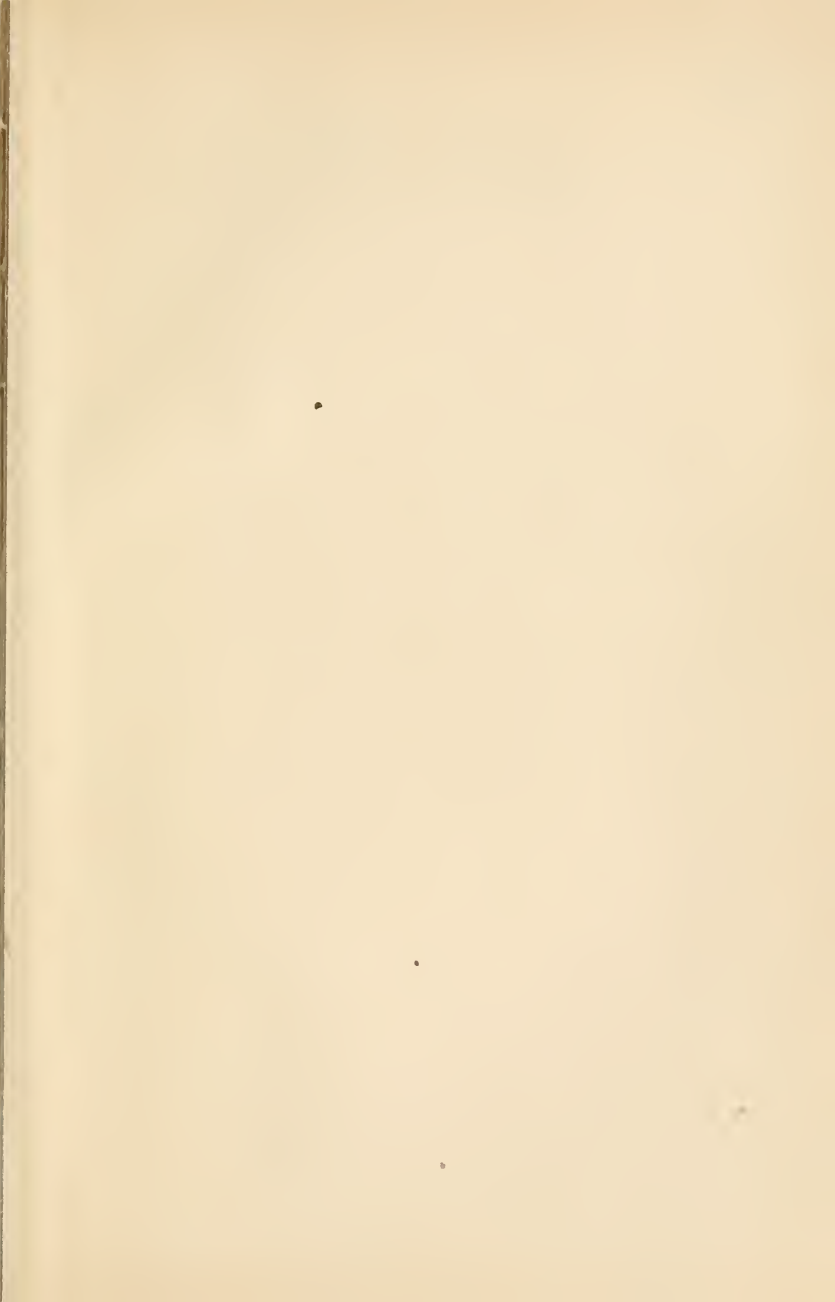
Who thee, great Cato, would to silence leave,  
Or thee, O Cossus ? who the Gracchan clan,  
Or the two Scipios, thunderbolts of war,  
The bane of Libya, or Fabricius  
Puissant in poverty, or thee, Serranus,  
Sowing amid the furrow ? I am spent,  
And whither whirl ye me, O Fabii ?  
Thou art that Maximus, our mightiest, who  
Alone by loitering dost the State restore.  
Others the breathing brass shall softer mould,  
I doubt not, draw the lineaments of life  
From marble, at the bar plead better, trace  
With rod the courses of the sky, or tell  
The rise of stars : remember, Roman, thou  
To rule the nations as their master : these  
Thine arts shall be, to engraft the law of peace,  
Forbear the conquered, and war down the proud.'

So Sire Anchises in their wondering ears  
Spake, and yet further : ' How Marcellus strides,  
Look you, conspicuous with the splendid spoils,  
Triumphant, and o'ertowering all men ! he  
Shall stay Rome's empire, when invasion's storm  
Beats fiercely, ride the Carthaginian down,  
Ay, and the rebel Gaul, and dedicate  
To Sire Quirinus the thrice-taken spoils.'  
And here Æneas, for at his side he saw  
A youth of peerless form in radiant arms  
Pacing, but with unjoyful brow, and glance  
Dejected : ' Who is he, my sire, who thus

Attends the hero as he steps? A son,  
Or later offspring of his mighty race?  
What buzzing crowds about them! his own mould  
How mighty! but black night around his head  
Hovers with gloomy shade.' Then Sire Anchises  
With starting tears began: 'Seek not, my son,  
To know thy kin's vast sorrow; him to earth  
Fate shall but show, nor grant a longer stay.  
Too potent in your eyes, O gods, had seemed  
The Roman stock, were such gifts given to keep.  
What wail of herces shall that field of Mars  
Waft to his mighty city! what funeral-train  
Shalt thou behold, O Tiber, as thy stream  
Flows by the new-made tomb! No boy e'er bred  
Of Ilian race shall to such height of hope  
Uplift his Latian sires, nor e'er the soil  
Of Romulus so boast her of a son.  
Mourn for his goodness, for his old-world faith,  
His hand in war unconquered! Man to man,  
None could have grappled him unscathed, on foot  
Strode he against the foeman, or with spur  
Goaded the red flanks of his foaming steed.  
O boy, our sorrow, if any way thou couldst  
Burst the harsh bonds that doom thee, thou shalt be  
Marcellus. Bring me lilies with full hands,  
The bright flowers let me strew, these gifts at least  
Heap o'er his shade, and the vain tribute pay.'

So here and there, through the whole realm of mist,  
In its broad fields they roam, surveying all.

And when Anchises had from end to end  
Guided his son, and fired his soul with love  
Of future fame, thereafter he makes known  
What wars must next be waged, and teaches him  
Of tribes Laurentian, and Latinus' town,  
And how to shun or suffer every toil.  
There are twin gates of Sleep, whereof the one  
Of horn is rumoured, and real spirits thereby  
Win easy outlet ; the other finished fair  
Of gleaming ivory, but false dreams are thence  
Sent by the Manes to the world above.  
There with these words Anchises, following forth  
His son and eke the Sibyl, sees them pass  
Out at the ivory gate : the hero speeds  
Fleetward, returning to his friends, then steers  
Straight for Caieta's port along the shore :  
The prows drop anchor ; the sterns press the beach.











PA  
6807  
A5R55

Vergilius Maro, Publius  
The Aeneid, books I-VI

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

